

The Leader.

A POLITICAL AND LITERARY REVIEW.

"The one Idea which History exhibits as evermore developing itself into greater distinctness is the Idea of Humanity—the noble endeavour to throw down all the barriers erected between men by prejudice and one-sided views; and, by setting aside the distinctions of Religion, Country, and Colour, to treat the whole Human race as one brotherhood, having one great object—the free development of our spiritual nature."—*Humboldt's Cosmos.*

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1856.

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Review of the Week.

GREAT things in agitation, strange events in prospect, important disputes concluded—Such are really the characteristics of the week. In the East, we have Russia, who lately concluded with us a treaty of peace and amity, endeavouring to cheat us in the meanest and vilest style; in the West, we have the United States of America returning to a complete alliance by closing up the Central American dispute; in the East, again, we have the SULTAN, bound by natural ties to the European system, and with our Court in particular; while the American Republic is in the throes of an internal dispute, and Europe is struggling with antagonistic forces that cannot as yet find their own level or distribution.

Russia still stands up, and, as we have already surmised, her resistance in the matter of the Isle of Serpents is only part of a large attempt to outwit the Western Powers in the spirit of a pettifogging tyranny. It now seems that Russia is endeavouring to execute the Treaty of Paris in a manner that would secure to her every advantage overlooked by the other plenipotentiaries. It seems that she endeavoured—nay, she says that she succeeded—in inserting the name of Belgrad as a terminus for the new boundaries, when the other plenipotentiaries meant Belgrade. The claim to consider the Isle of Serpents as annexed to Moldo-Wallachia and not to Turkey, originates in the Court at St. Petersburg, and is not a mere local mistake. It is well known that while Russia has been making these practical infringements upon the Treaty, she has been seeking to beat up support throughout Europe by making large professions. She is, therefore, an enemy still—still contemplating hostile encroachments upon all the rest of Europe, from Turkey to Norway—just the same that she was before the Treaty was concluded: just as dangerous and more free.

Nor is the position of the other great Powers more promising for the peace of the world. While Naples is systematically refusing to give satisfaction to the Western Powers—is in fact flinging reproaches in their teeth—the journals of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom echo the Neapolitan note in leading articles—of course with the permission of the Austrian authorities. Austria, therefore, takes the same part with Naples, with whom she is said to be remonstrating. How

far the Emperor FRANCIS JOSEPH has been reconciled to the Emperor ALEXANDER II. we do not know; how far Austria may be coerced by the Western Powers, or how far she may entrap them into a compromise, we as little know; but that she means mischief is quite evident.

The English Government has resolved upon a remarkable use of an honorary distinction: the SULTAN is to be created a Knight of the Garter. So that order, which originated in imitation of the Crusaders, is to confer its last honour upon the Vicegerent of MAHOMET! The historical confusions involved in the admission of the first Mussulman to the order are amusing, but they are not so great as the practical confusions which had been worked by the Christian power, Russia; while Turkey is newly bound by this compliment from England to assist, as she is so well disposed to do, in maintaining the orderly fellowship of nations in Europe.

Recent events, indeed, have added to the mystery of the great European question. CANNING prophesied that within a certain time it would either be Republican or Cossack. The Western Powers are trying to discover some middle term, and if they obtain the assistance of the peoples, and especially of the educated classes among these peoples, they may succeed, for there has been a most striking and instructive success in Piedmont. They might even find a reinforcement of their strength in the recent wonderful manifesto of ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE, who will not let the world think him wiser than he really is. The self-constituted man at present before the world is quite unconscious of the exposure of which he is guilty when he believes himself to be displaying his magnanimity. He now vouchsafes to us as a great historical disclosure as to what were his intentions when, as a member of the Provisional Government, he instituted the army of the Alps. His object was with that army to cover the defeated 60,000 of CHARLES ALBERT, and so to secure the independence of Italy, and to establish in that country a federation of its states under the mediation of France. In other words, Italy was to be independent of everything but the Ruler of the Universe and M. DE LAMARTINE. The pseudo-statesman, whose courage is equal to confronting an infuriated mob or the grossest moral absurdity in his own character, displays that sublime caricature of modesty which is a common shape of egotism that cannot contain itself. This *ébauche* of a policy for Italy may be a useful and timely

warning for men of real sense who want to avoid the disgrace of a LAMARTINE.

Turning again to the West, we find there many questions which invite attention, but invite also a strong confidence for the future. We have already said that the question of Honduras was settled, we may now add that the Central American questions are so far settled, that all their branches appear only to await the final formalities of the two Governments. Not long since, fresh propositions arrived from the other side of the Atlantic. It would appear that they have been accepted, so that the BELWER-CLAYTON complication is now a matter of the past. So far, good!

But the President is in a 'fix.' The House of Representatives has agreed to pass the civil appropriation bills—that is, what we call the supply—unconditionally. But to the Army Appropriation Bill—the military supply—it annexes certain conditions, namely, that the forces shall not be employed in Kansas, meaning that they shall not be used to put down the Freesoilers. The Senate has more than once stricken out that condition. While the Houses are still divided, the session terminates according to law; but the President uses an extraordinary power which he possesses to commence a new session. The Houses sit again contrary to their will, and continue the dispute as before. It is quite certain, however, that, sooner or later, the Republic will settle this question in dispute between the two Houses. The President cannot fail in some way or other to obtain the money for the payment of the army, and the difficulty will therefore be got over.

Other irregularities are to us more formidable. The members have been voting to themselves double pay—about three guineas a day in lieu of thirty-two shillings. They have been freely disposing of their funds because there is a large surplus in hand. All this is well enough; but they have appropriated eight millions of acres of waste lands for railways, counter to the constitution, counter to policy, counter, we believe, to the very fundamental principle of the Union. A similar appropriation of waste lands has been asked before, for the support of public schools and common roads—certainly no unconstitutional allotment. But the proposal was thought to be inconsistent with the spirit of the constitution. Again, it was proposed to appropriate the proceeds of waste lands for buying up and abolishing negro slavery, enabling the slave states indirectly to



aid in emancipation without compromising their dignity. That also was rejected. The land is not now given for the specific space of a road, but as a grant towards the funds of railway companies; which we must consider a positive abuse of authority repugnant to the principles of a republic.

In our country we have a dispossessed potentate appearing by his proxy. The deposed King of Oude comes to the Court in the person of his mother, begging for restitution. And to look at the rout which has accompanied the royal lady, we might sing, "The beggars are coming to town." Upwards of a hundred of them have entered London in carriages, cabs, and omnibuses—a strange pageant. They are spending their money upon a hopeless mission. They will go back poorer than they came; for, although our Court does not possess the power of giving kingdoms, which Parliament in its justice has taken away from those who defrauded their trust, there are plenty of able men in this country who can teach Kings and Queens of Oude, or of any other place, how to spend their money.

Other great interests, too, have been imperilled. We have had the Royal British Bank stopping for want of funds. It was an attempt to introduce into London the Scotch system, the main characteristic of which is, that a man shall lodge his funds in a bank and draw interest for it; that he shall be able occasionally to overdraw his account, paying interest. This system is well enough in Scotland, where there is a remarkable companionship of men in business, but it is quite unsuited to our metropolis, where association in business does not imply association in private life. It is at once too slow, as well as alien to English habits. The bank did not take. It appears also to have locked up its funds in an unavailable form. It is an experiment which has not succeeded.

Brilliant weather has restored the hopes of a beneficent harvest; so that there is a tolerable certainty that the quantity garnered will bear a large proportion to the crops on the ground a month ago. The presence of plenty is not confined to Great Britain; the North of Europe has evidently been blessed with abundance. Larger breadths of land have been cultivated, and the fruitfulness of the season has more than fulfilled the hopes of the farmer. In the United States the crop gathered has been far above the average. The damage done by the rain to the wheat at home is compensated, perhaps more than compensated, by the beneficial effect of the moisture on all green crops, which were suffering from the long drought. A stable foundation has therefore been laid for trade and commerce.

Birmingham makes a prominent figure in the provincial news. The town has inaugurated a new Music Hall, to break down the monopoly of oratorio performances doled out, once in three years, at the Town Hall; and Mr. ADDERLEY has personally opened a park at Salfley for the benefit of the public. This park is the gift of Mr. ADDERLEY. He handed it over to the committee who will manage it in future—a committee chiefly composed of artizans—fenced in at his expense. The ceremonies were conducted with the gaiety becoming a rural festival, and ended with a dance, the county Member dancing with the belle of the village. This is an example that may well be followed by other proprietors. It is not the first time that Mr. ADDERLEY has shown himself alive to the interests of working men.

Three distinguished gentlemen have "gone before" within the last ten days. Literature has lost a noble son in the person of Mr. GILBERT A'BECKETT, who united the characters of journalist, wit, and police magistrate with a rare felicity. Neither the *Times* nor *Punch* will know him any more; nor will his sound judgment and kindly feeling display themselves on the bench which their possessor so well filled. Art has also lost a veteran follower in Sir RICHARD WESTMACOTT, whose merit as a sculptor conferred honour on his country. Adventure and daring have lost an exemplar in Sir JOHN ROSS, who, although he had been knocked about all through

the great war at the beginning of the century and received thirteen wounds, yet, when peace came, undertook, in conjunction with PARRY, an enterprise to the Arctic Sea, and who at a later period, on a similar occasion, was absent four years in the ice. The sculptor and the sailor were aged men, but the man of letters sank into the grave at a comparatively early age.

Some gentlemen in the West Riding have given the Earl of CARDIGAN a sword and a dinner. It is a little local admiration which flamed up at the epoch of the Balaklava charge among those who live near the Earl's estates in those parts. Everybody remarks on the long interval 'twixt now and then. It is clear the admiration must have kept well, or, that a sword having been purchased, it must of course be presented. Lord CARDIGAN, in his own peculiar style, narrated the execution of the Balaklava charge as a specimen of soldierly conduct, and expounded his views of the duties of a cavalry general. They are not ours. The noble Earl says that a brigadier should lead his men into action; but he says nothing of his duties in leading them out. Now, the censure muttered against Lord CARDIGAN respecting this charge is, that he did not stay to carry his men out of action, but that he left it to others. We should like to be accurately informed what the noble earl actually did after he had reached the Russian guns. People say he rode back again before his troops. If it was his duty, as he says, "to keep his men together" in the charge, surely a similar duty was incumbent on him in the retreat.

BANQUET TO THE EARL OF CARDIGAN.

A PUBLIC banquet, in honour of the Earl of Cardigan, took place in the Stock Exchange Hall, Leeds, on Saturday last, when a very handsome and costly sword, with an address from the subscribers, was presented to him as a recognition of his Lordship's gallantry in the well-known charge against the Russians at Balaklava, and as a mark of respect for his military conduct. Mr. Edmund Denison, M.P., was in the chair. Previous to the presentation of the sword, an address, written in a singularly turgid style, was read by Mr. Beecroft, the chairman of the committee. Mr. Denison having then spoken in a similar style of ornate flattery, and having remarked, in the course of his speech, that he "would have spurned with the greatest contempt even his Lordship, or any British subject with whom he should come in contact, if he refused to obey the lawful command of a superior officer," Lord Cardigan returned thanks, and in so doing reviewed the history of the Crimean campaign, as far as he was concerned in it. In alluding to Lord Raglan as one whose memory he revered and honoured, and whose good opinion in life he valued more than that of any other man, he exhibited strong emotion. He combated what he regarded as certain fallacies now current, to the effect that a cavalry officer ought, in the case of a charge, to come into personal combat with the enemy in the midst of the privates, and that, after leading the first line, he should halt and receive the second line, before bringing his brigade into action. With respect to the first opinion, his Lordship showed that a cavalry officer must keep his regiments together, must lead them at a regular pace, husband their impetus for the final onslaught, and keep the alignment of the men. He quoted the authority of the late Lord Anglesey, and called to mind that that first of cavalry officers stated he had never but once, and that was in self-defence, used his sword against the enemy. As regards the second fallacy, the Earl observed that a general officer heading the first line has nothing whatever to do with anything but the regiments he immediately commands. To wait for the second line in such a charge as that of Balaklava would be utterly impossible. Lord Cardigan then continued:—

"Well, ladies and gentlemen, I had brought the attacking line up to the battery; they were there employed, some of them in cutting down the gunners—and, gentlemen, it was there that the great loss of life took place. It was then, or immediately afterwards, that many a gallant spirit departed; this life—it was there" (his Lordship again laid to pause here from the intensity of his feelings)—"it was there that such men as Hotham, and Goad, and Montgomery, of the 13th Light Dragoons—as Winter, and Webb, and Thompson, of the 17th Lancers—it was there that they met their death; it was there that White, and Morris, and Sir W. Gordon were cut to the ground; it was there that one of my aides-de-camp was wounded, another taken prisoner, and then, or some time later, another met his fate like the rest—I speak of Captain Lockwood, of the 8th Hussars, than whom there never was a more gentlemanly or a more gallant young officer. (Cheers.) This slaughter took place both among officers and men, for the men gallantly followed their officers wherever they went. At the same time, in the supporting regiments, both Parker and Fitzgibbon, of the 8th Hussars, Cornet Houghton, of the 11th Hussars, and others whose names I am afraid I can't recollect, were cut off. Well, gentlemen, in the face of

all the difficulties there were for the leading line to advance after getting in among the guns, on account of the obstruction which the gun-carriages, the limber-carriages, and other machinery of that sort offered, many did advance, and lost their lives; and when, in twenty minutes from the time we had moved up to the attack, passed over one mile of ground in going, and the same in retreating, I drew up that remnant of the Light Brigade, there remained but 195 out of 670 men who went into action. The loss of life, of officers, non-commissioned officers, and men—those who were put hors de combat either by death or wounds, or taken prisoners—was 298, and there were 397 horses disabled, and the whole of that occurred in the short space of twenty-five minutes; and, gentlemen, I think I may here state that of those who escaped that day it cannot be truly said that any man's life was saved by any unbecoming conduct; if their lives were saved it was by the will of Divine Providence, who decreed that they should be saved, while many died a glorious death. Gentlemen, after this had taken place, I proceeded to Lord Raglan to report the circumstances of the charge, and his lordship expressed to me his marked disapprobation of what had been done, stating that such an attack was totally contrary to the principles of warfare—that is, the attacking a battery in front with cavalry. I have only to say on the subject that there never was a more uncalculated-for attack, inasmuch as we had seen this Russian battery with a large body of heavy cavalry in its rear at least twenty minutes; and when this attack was ordered they were neither advancing nor retreating."

After several other toasts (among which was one to Miss Nightingale) had been honoured, the company broke up.

FALL OF A HOUSE.

A HOUSE in Little Swan-alley, situated in the rear of Tokenhouse-yard, and on the east side of Moorgate-street, fell down a little after twelve o'clock on the night of Tuesday, causing the death of four persons, and injuries to some others. The neighbourhood consists of several small courts and alleys of dilapidated tenements; and the house in question has been in a dangerous state for some time past. It comprised two floors, with a cellar, half underground, beneath, and was occupied by fifteen persons, one a paralytic woman, who was saved. The four persons killed were a man named Palmer, and his three children-in-law, aged respectively fourteen, twelve, and five. Palmer's wife, the mother of these children, survives; but she and her baby were buried in the ruins, and were much hurt. Mrs. Palmer made the subjoined statement on being dug out from the heaps of rubbish:—

"We occupied the back room on the first floor of the house, for which I paid a Mr. Crane 2s. a week rent. There were my husband and myself, the baby in my arms, my boy, who was out in a situation, and my other children—Elizabeth, James, and Thomas Pullen, by a former marriage. We lived in the one room. My husband is a dock labourer, and I am in the habit of going out washing and earning a trifle. I was out washing on Tuesday, and received 1s. 6d., and was very tired. My poor boy was kept later at work at his situation than usual, and so his life was saved. About nine o'clock, I was preparing my husband's supper, when I heard a noise as if the walls were cracking, and saw dust falling from the ceiling. I said to my husband, 'Oh, I am sure the house is falling.' He replied that I was always thinking so, and that it was the man in the next room sharpening his knife. I said that would not cause the walls to crack or the dust to fall, and I was sure the house must be falling. Nothing further was said, however; we had our supper, and shortly after ten o'clock we went to bed. I am weaning the boy in my arms, and, in consequence of his crying, I got up about five minutes to twelve o'clock and gave him some milk. He fell asleep in my arms, when I felt the boards of the floor shaking under me. This was a few minutes after twelve o'clock. I felt the shaking of the floor more and more, and called out to my poor husband, 'Oh, good God! the house is falling! Save my poor children!' He got up, put on his trousers, and was going to the corner of the room where my three children lay on the floor, to save them, no doubt. That is the last I saw of them. I ran to the stairs, screaming for Mrs. King to escape with her family. As I got towards the bottom of the stairs they gave way under me, and as the house fell I was thrown out, with my boy in my arms, on to the pavement in the court. I can recollect little more than that I and my baby were saved, and that we were nearly suffocated by the clouds of dust. My child was hurt by the fall. I have lately had strong doubts about the security of the house, and had talked to my husband about leaving. Last Saturday night week, Mr. Crane called upon me for 2s. the week's rent. I told him he had better have something done to the fireplace, for it was not safe, and the children would fall into the cellar some of these days. There was a large crack by the side of the fireplace. He said he would call in a few days and look to it. He went away, but nothing has been done to the place or the house. I paid my rent last Sunday, and I am now in the most destitute circumstances. I earned 1s. 6d. by going out washing on the Tuesday, which I put under my bed, and I am in hopes I shall find it."

The police, aided by several of the neighbours, who worked most manfully, set about rescuing those who were involved in the ruins, with the greatest despatch. Among the various occupants rescued alive was Mrs. King, who held her infant in her arms. A beam had fallen across her shoulder, and she had had the prefallence of mind to hold the child beneath it as the debris were falling. Neither was much hurt, but Mrs. King's husband was seriously injured. Mrs. Palmer's oldest boy was playing in the alley in front of the house when it fell, and so escaped unhurt.

A house adjoining the one which has fallen has since been pulled down, as it was in a dangerous state, and the approaches to the alley have been barricaded.

STATE OF TRADE.

THE accounts from the manufacturing towns for the week ending last Saturday report no changes, except such as are favourable. At Manchester, business has still been rather limited, but the Birmingham advices describe an improvement in the iron trade, owing to orders from the United States, while there has also been increased activity in the general occupations of the place, most of them having been assisted by a good Australian demand. At Nottingham, there has been a large attendance of buyers on home account, as well as for America and Germany. In the woollen districts, the transactions have likewise been to a full extent, and, in the Irish linen markets, prices are well maintained.—*Times*.

The Royal British Bank stopped payment on Wednesday morning. For some time past doubts have been prevalent as to the position of the bank, and a run has been going on, which terminated on Wednesday in the closing of the establishment, at about eleven o'clock, with a notice that business was suspended "pending negotiations." The negotiations in question were commenced on the same day with the National Bank, an institution formerly known as the National Bank of Ireland, but which, under the powers of its charter, entered upon business in London in October last. The directors of this bank, however, were willing to afford assistance to the Royal British only with such prudent limits as might be thoroughly warranted by the nature of the assets to be made over, and it is believed that, upon the discovery that the Royal British Bank had been compelled to close its doors, all idea of proceeding further was abandoned. It is feared the prospect of any arrangements for a resuscitation is at an end. The capital of the bank is divided into 3000 shares of 100l. each, on which 50l. has been paid, making a total of 150,000l., and among many practical people an opinion prevails that the greater part, if not the whole, of this will be found to have been lost. There are strong rumours that very improper advances have been made to persons connected with the establishment, and it is understood that some time back it made a large advance upon certain ironworks, which have not only proved a dead weight, but which in the old fashion have been allowed to absorb further and heavier sums through delusive efforts to retrieve the original loss.—*Idem*.

A petition for an adjudication of bankruptcy was on Thursday filed against the Royal British Bank in the Court of Bankruptcy. The petitioning creditor is Mr. Walter Morise, of Jewin Crescent, Cripplegate.

From Liverpool, we hear of the suspension of the firms of Messrs. M'Larty and Co., and Lamont, M'Larty, and Co., with liabilities to the extent of nearly 100,000l. Their losses in the Australian trade and in their Italian steamers have been the cause of their stoppage.

The struggle between the Barnsley colliers and their employers, after extending over a period of eight weeks, was brought to a sudden termination last Saturday, in consequence of a number of the men having signed articles to work for the proprietors. The result was that several more were expected to follow, when the committee at once resolved to close the strike. They met at the Baltic Inn on Saturday morning, Mr. Siddons in the chair. The roll having been called, it was agreed that those men who had been applying for work at the Oaks Colliery should not be admitted. On the motion of Mr. Clogg, it was resolved:—"That after the funds at present in hand had been divided on Monday next, the struggle in which they had been engaged should terminate, and that those men who thought fit to accept work should not in any way be interfered with by those who declined to work under the present manager." The men present declared their intention of seeking employment elsewhere rather than run the risk of again working under the present management.

AMERICA.

CONGRESS has adjourned, and been re-convened. The adjournment took place on the 18th ult.; but, as the Army Appropriation Bill had not been passed, the President immediately issued a proclamation for an extra session on the 21st, alleging that, as hostilities "exist with various Indian tribes on the remote frontiers of the United States," and as "in other respects the public peace is seriously threatened," the adjournment of Congress "without granting the necessary supplies for the army," thus "depriving the Executive of the power to perform its duty in relation to the common defence and

security," must be considered "an extraordinary occasion" which necessitates the assembling the two Houses. The Legislature, it seems, broke up in great confusion. The Democrats asked for an extension of the session, which was refused; owing to which, the Army and many other bills were lost. It is stated that several bills failed to receive the President's signature from want of time. Southern members are very indignant with President Pierce for calling the extra session, as a number of them had previously met and addressed him a letter requesting him not to do so.

Mr. Soule has left New Orleans for Central America; and many reports are in circulation respecting the objects of his visit. The storm at New Orleans turns out to be more disastrous than originally reported. New Orleans was completely inundated, and the damage to the sugar, cotton, and corn crops was great. Many houses were swept away; some hundreds of lives have been lost; and the steamer Nautilus has gone down, with it, it is feared, all hands. Last Island, a short distance above New Orleans, suffered severely, and the dead bodies were stripped and robbed by a set of pirates inhabiting the spot.—There has been great excitement in Mobile in consequence of the sale of abolition books there. A Vigilance Committee was formed, and the offending parties were ordered to leave the city in five days. Havannah has been suffering greatly from yellow fever. The decree creating General Concha Marquis of the Havannah and Viscount of Cuba has been made public. Kansas is still torn with internal divisions. The New York papers report that "two hundred Free-soilers attacked the town of Franklin, Kansas, in which were only twenty pro-slavery men. The fight lasted four hours, and (according to one account) four pro-slavery men and six Free-soilers were killed. The assailants robbed the post-office, and then set it on fire, and finally retreated, carrying off the cannon of the town. Other reports say that seventeen Free-soilers were killed and wounded. One hundred United States troops occupied the town the next day. Three hundred of Lane's men have entered Topeka."

The Emperor Soulouque and the Dominicans are renewing their amicable relations. The fear of yellow fever at New York has died out, the disease being on the decline at Quarantine.

The condition of Nicaragua is still far from settled. We read in the *Panama Star and Herald*:—"Walker's position is a most precarious one. He has only 1200 followers—all told—while Rivas, who still contends that he is president, is fortifying himself at Canandagua, and has already 3000 well armed troops. He has the sympathy of the entire country, except the few Americans who still adhere to Walker, and his countrymen are daily rushing to his standard. Honduras and Guatemala are organizing forces to invade Nicaragua, and drive Walker from the country; and it is understood that as soon as the dry season resumes—now near at hand—they will make a descent on Nicaragua." Walker, adds the writer, has disgusted the Nicaraguans by his cruelty and by his arrogating to himself the right to depose Rivas.

From Chili we learn that Don Manuel Montt has been re-elected President. The Government has announced that no hostile attempt will be made against Peru. The treaty of friendship, commerce, and navigation, concluded with the United States, has been submitted to the approbation of the Senate, and has met with a complete approval. General Robler has been elected President of Ecuador by a large majority.

A companion to the Brooks outrage is reported by the Washington correspondent of the *New York Times*, who writes:—"A most disgraceful assault has been committed by Mr. M'Mullen, of Virginia, upon Mr. Granger. The parties were in an omnibus, riding to the Capitol. They got conversing on politics. Both were very earnest in the discussion. M'Mullen said in effect that the South would not submit to the election of Fremont. Granger replied, 'After November, it will be made to submit.' M'Mullen immediately changed the discussion from a political to a personal one. He professed to be insulted, and told Granger that grey hairs alone protected him. Mr. Granger said, 'I ask no immunity on that account.' M'Mullen thereupon clenched him, and struck him two severe blows, bruising Granger's face badly. Granger defended himself as well as he could. The parties were separated immediately by Colonel Chester, of the *Pennsylvania Inquirer*, who gave substantially the foregoing account. Granger is an old man, considerably under the medium height, very earnest in his manner, but frank, good-natured, and generally popular."

THE FATE OF CICERUACCHIO.

WE have received the annexed note from Signor Angeloni:—

SIR,—An article, furnished to the *Gazzetta Ufficiale di Milano* by M. Enrico Montazio, the London correspondent, concerning the fate of Ciceruacchio, having been quoted by the English press, permit me to refute the statements made by the above-mentioned gentleman.

After a sneering allusion to the article in the *Times* on Garibaldi's letter, the correspondent alleges that Ciceruacchio and his children were not shot by the Austrians, but that they "were drowned while endeavouring to cross a stream in their flight from Rome. He

who assures me of this fact," says the correspondent, "is an *ettimo galantuomo*—a certain Giuseppe Angeloni—who, after the fall of Rome, came to London, married an Englishwoman, and now earns an honest livelihood as an hotel-keeper, which employment he would find more profitable if his extreme goodnature did not make him the dupe of so many emigrants, who, abusing his kindness, feed themselves at his expense."

I, sir, am the humble individual with whose family affairs M. Montazio thinks fit to trouble the public. I feel obliged by the respectful terms in which he mentions me, and am sorry to be obliged to repay them by asserting that his statements concerning the information given by me to him about Ciceruacchio are utterly false. I remember, about two months since, when dining at my *table d'hôte*, M. Montazio questioned me concerning my poor friend. I replied that I supposed he was dead, my invariable supposition about all of our friends of whose fate we are ignorant, and whom we know to be obnoxious to one or other of the Italian Governments. Had I been in possession of any particulars, a *table d'hôte* was not the place in which I should have revealed them, nor was M. Montazio the man I should have chosen for my confidant. But in this instance I was totally in the dark. When I parted from my friend in Rome he accompanied Garibaldi in his retreat, and I embarked for England in a steamer off Civita Vecchia, the 5th July, 1849. From that moment until General Garibaldi's letter appeared in the papers, I have waited anxiously for tidings, fearing the worst. Hence the "stream," the "crossings," and the "death by drowning," exist only in the inventive brain of the London correspondent of the *Gazzetta Ufficiale di Milano*. Perhaps if I had been in the habit of receiving Austrian money for communications fabricated for an Austrian official journal, I might have been in possession of Austrian secrets, and long since have given over hoping against hope that some future day might give me back my friend again. As it is, I am but a poor innkeeper; but so far from complaining of the "*mala fede di molti emigrati*," I am glad to see at my table those of my brothers exiled for the holy cause in which the noble Ciceruacchio and his sons, together with such myriads of our countrymen, have lived and died.

I have written a letter to this effect to the *Gazzetta*, but well aware that it has no chance of insertion. I ask you, sir, to give publicity to my statement. It is due to General Garibaldi—who affirms, on the word and researches of Colonel Sacchi, that those seven brave ones fell by Austrian bullets—that false assertions should not prevent the inquiries of honest men into this matter. And for myself, I should grieve that my brothers in exile, and my brothers in my native land, should deem me a traitor to the common cause.

I am, Sir, with respect, yours,
32, Warwick-square, Aug. 29. G. ANGELONI.

CONTINENTAL NOTES.

FRANCE.

TWO growth of cotton in Algeria forms the subject of a rather interesting report from Marshal Vaillant to the Emperor, which appears in the *Moniteur*. In this document, the Minister of War recognizes the good effects of the decrees of the 16th of October, 1853, by which an annual prize of 20,000fr. was allotted for five years to the best cotton-grower in the Franco-African colony; and for three years, commencing with 1854, the whole cotton produce of Algeria was ordered to be purchased by the State at a price fixed beforehand and advantageous to the producer. In consequence of this encouragement, the growth of cotton has increased, and it has been proved, not only that the plant flourishes in many districts of the colony, but that its quality is comparable to that of the finest produce of the United States. A prolongation of the advantages assured to the producer is suggested, and it has accordingly been decreed that the Government will continue to purchase the whole of the Algerine cotton until the crop of 1858 inclusively.—*Times Paris Correspondent*.

The great Pescatore trial will take rank among the French *causes célèbres*, by reason of the strong interest it has excited, and of the real importance of the question at issue. In this case, the interest does not attach to the parties to the suit, but the public has recognized in it an attempt on the part of the clergy to get over the necessity of civil marriage. In France a couple cannot be married by the priest without producing the certificate of their previous union by the lay authorities. M. Donnet, Cardinal Archbishop of Bordeaux, tried to evade this law, and to establish a precedent by sending M. Pescatore and Madame Weber to be married at the little village of Renteria, a few miles beyond the Spanish frontier. On the death of M. Pescatore, the fortune he left was claimed by his blood relations, on the ground of there having been no legal marriage, and in their favour the tribunal has just decided. Had a contrary decision been come to, it would have been a triumph for the Church party, and a great blow struck at the French law enjoining civil marriage, since people would only have had to cross a frontier in order to contract a legal union without reference or submission to the civil authorities. Such marriages would have been encouraged by the priests, and might have given rise to many irregularities.—*Idem*.

M. de Lamartine has published in the *Cours Familiers de Littérature* a defence of his policy with respect to Italy during the four months he was in power in 1848. He says he "was not a radical republican, a subversive republican, a chimerical republican, dreaming of the overthrow of the foundations of government and civil society, in order to create out of blood and fire a new world, perfect in three hours;" he was "an improvised republican, a republican from expediency, a republican upholding everything which ought to be upheld in society under the penalty of death." Had he not been "a conservative republican," he conceives he might easily have "let the flames of France, by the mere current of the wind that was then blowing, kindle the world." But, "out of the general conflagration would have come what alone could come—a heap of ashes quenched with showers of blood, forthwith to be trampled under foot by a military tyranny." He adds:—"My wish was to show once for all to Europe that between free France and the neighbouring powers—respected in their frontiers as in their independence—there was nothing incompatible. Mutual inviolability is the foundation of peace upon which reposes the world. To violate this foundation is not only a crime, it is war—wholesale murder—it is human blood thrown at hazard and broadcast over the whole continent of Europe. And by what right? By right of an opinion, of a theory, of a fancy, of a vanity, of a whim of Danton (and yet even Danton proclaimed only a defensive war, and negotiated with Prussia). I confess my weakness. My conscience—the conscience of a man who fears God—spurned that game of human bloodshed whereof the stake is the life of his fellow-men. Despire me, but acquit me. I kept the Republic from an offensive war as a crime to humanity and to God; in thought I accepted for the Republic nothing but a defensive and patriotic war. . . . The confederated courts were deprived of all right of attacking the Republic; the nations, respected and reassured in the possession of their territory, came over to our principles; and, within six weeks, French diplomacy was the arbitrator of the world, having done no violence to any nation, and without firing a single shot." M. de Lamartine then glances more especially at Italy:—"I issued a decree for the army of the Alps, consisting of 60,000 men, and *échelonnés* from Lyons to the frontier of the Var. What was the meaning of the army of the Alps? In my mind, it had a twofold meaning—first, to be ready to descend into Piedmont on the first sign of peril to that power; next, to be ready to put down the religious, civil, socialist, and democratic commotions which might at any moment have burst forth in the south of France—more ruled as it is by passion than the north." Had Austria invaded Piedmont, the French army would have marched to the rescue, and "fought, had that been necessary, for the evacuation and the independence of the whole peninsula." Further on, M. de Lamartine writes:—"My duty was not to flatter Italy, but to save her. I did not flatter her. I did not excite the unreasonable risings of 1848. I call to witness her ambassador and her patriots of that day. Let them say whether I did not use my sincere efforts to turn aside King Charles Albert from his scheme of aggression, in which I foresaw his destruction? Let them remember my words at the tribune, too full of meaning: 'All the songs sung are not Marseillaises.' At the present time, I speak my mind of this nation with all sincerity: ripe for independence—ripe for liberty—ripe in eloquence—ripe in genius—it is not ripe for arms. Liberty placed those arms in its hands; but it needed a people of soldiers and veterans in glory like the French to teach the use of them. You may improvise liberty; but you cannot improvise the armies to defend it."

The reader will recollect a pastoral of the Bishop of Arras, enjoining his clergy to visit with severe reprehension the schoolmasters and schoolmistresses who bring up Catholic children with English Protestant children. A correspondent of the *Daily News* affirms that this piece of raving bigotry has had no effect, and the position of English children will not be in the least injured. "Even the most orthodox look upon it as a mistake, while easy-going readers laugh at it."

It is stated that a belief gains ground in Paris that a widely different view of the Spanish question is entertained by the French and English Governments. No communications on the subject have passed between the two Cabinets, that the public are aware of; but it is thought that the dissimilarity of views may lead to some unpleasant discussions. The sympathies of England are in favour of the Progressistas; those of France—of the French Government—incline to the opposite party, and to an approval of O'Donnell.

The proceedings taken against the four journals which published the letter from the Paris students to those of Turin have been abandoned. The young men who signed the letter are to be admonished.

PRUSSIA.

A quarrel has arisen between Prussia and Turkey on a question relating to the navigation of the Nile. There is a law to the effect that all river boats navigating the Nile (with the exception of pleasure-boats) should, if they hoisted any flag at all, display the Turkish colours. A Prussian merchant at Alexandria, however, bought two small Egyptian river steamers, hoisted the Prussian flag, and sent them to Thebes, whence they towed down the river a number of country boats laden with grain.

They were allowed to pass, the river authorities being struck with surprise; but at Alexandria the question was taken up by the local government. The Prussian consul was remonstrated with: he refused to interfere, and appealed to certain immunities granted to Russia by the Porte, coupled with the fact that Prussia had been placed in the position of the most favoured nation, as a justification of what the merchant had done. The steamers went on a second voyage, but were stopped at Atfeh, and sent back. A protest was then issued by the Prussian consul, who intimated that he held the Egyptian Government responsible for all losses, damages, &c.; and thus the affair stands at present.

Rumours are current at Berlin to the effect that it is the intention of Government to surround the city with an *enceinte* of forts similar to that which encircles Paris. It is believed, however, that this idea has no good foundation.

The Prussian infantry are to be armed with small field-pieces, two to each battalion. One soldier can draw each of these pieces, which can bring down a man at a distance of one thousand paces. The extraordinary range of the Minie rifle has been lately proved in Prussia by a melancholy accident, a labourer in a field having been killed at the distance of 1700 paces, during some experiments with the weapon. It was thought that the man was quite safe where he was working.

The Duke William of Mecklenburg (says the Berlin correspondent of the *Presse* of Brussels), whose late conduct has given rise to much public scandal, will probably enter the Russian service in a regiment of lancers. A line of conduct has been laid down for him, to which he has promised to adhere. The King has paid from his privy purse to the holders of bills accepted by the Duke the net sums for which they had discounted them.

SWEDEN.

The Swedish Chambers have admitted the desirability of fortifying Stockholm upon a new plan, and of constructing a series of defensive works in the valley of Maeler, on the banks of the lake of that name, which communicates with the Baltic Sea. They have further voted a sum of money for the necessary preliminary surveys.

HANOVER.

The *Hanover Gazette* states that the Government has decided that, if it cannot come to an understanding with the Chambers, it will settle its financial affairs by royal ordinance.

In place of eight million francs which were required for the bank, four milliards have been subscribed, and to maintain order it was necessary to call in the aid of the military.

SPAIN.

The Marquis de Tabuernaiga, the only member of the Constituent Cortes who spoke against the resolution of censure passed upon the O'Donnell Cabinet at the last sitting of the Cortes, on the 14th of July, has just received the appointment of a Gentleman Usher of the Chambers, and the Queen has presented him with a golden key of the richest workmanship, and ornamented with diamonds.—*Daily News Madrid Correspondent.*

Señor de los Santos Alvarez has been dismissed from the post of minister at Mexico.

The Queen of Spain having, by an order in council dated the 11th of August, permitted the free importation of corn until the 1st of June, 1857, has now, by a decree dated the 21st of August, ordained that all vessels laden with wheat, flour, barley, and Indian corn, for the ports of Spain, shall be exempted from tonnage and anchorage dues, charges for loading or unloading, light-house, or other municipal dues.

Some particulars of the plans of the Spanish Cabinet are contained in a recent communication from the *Times* Paris correspondent. He states that private intelligence from Madrid confirms the intelligence he has already given. "The Constituent Assembly will be dissolved, and the Constitution of 1845 will be re-established, not, however, as has been asserted, with modifications in a Liberal sense. The question of modifications will be left to the new Cortes, to be summoned according to the electoral law of 1837, with elections by provinces instead of districts. It is said that the elections will take place in November, but apparently nothing positive is known on this head. A new Senate is to be appointed. All these measures are resolved upon, but the Government keeps them *en portefeuille*. No one seems to expect that the present Ministry will last to meet the new Cortes. The palace is, as of old, a focus of intrigues, the object of all being more or less the overthrow of the Government. The King, taking counsel with his confessor, with a well-known Spanish Bishop, and with the celebrated nun Patrocinio, who has found her way back to Madrid, would fain see the installation of a Cabinet that would revoke the law of *desamortization*, sanction convents, and make itself in all respects agreeable to Rome. The Queen is said to have a leaning towards the Marquis of Viluma (Pezuela), the old supporter of Isabella absolute." Narvaez is watching from Paris, and biding his time.

RUSSIA.

The solemn entry of the Emperor and Empress into Moscow took place on the 29th ult., amidst a widely diffused clangour of bells and roar of artillery, the utmost amount of military and ecclesiastical splendour, kissing of images in the cathedral, presentation of bread

and salt to the monarch, and all the accustomed orthodox ceremonials.

A brightly-coloured picture of the interior of the Church of the Assumption, in which the coronation is to take place, is given by the *Daily News* special correspondent, who remarks:—"What a scene of barbaric magnificence, historic reminiscence, and political suggestiveness! Passing through a darkened vestibule, I suddenly felt myself almost dazzled by a perfect blaze of gold and colour. The walls were every inch covered with frescoes and mosaics, in heavy gilt frames, and the great central pillars that support the cupolas were decorated in a similar manner. Although the church is small, the loftiness of the ceiling gives it a most imposing appearance, and the vague indistinctness with which the comparative gloom enables you to take in the details produces in the mind a peculiar feeling of awe and reverence. As works of art, few would be bold enough to defend these elaborate decorations, but they are the signs of a sentiment, a power, and a policy, and, looked upon in that light, must always be objects of deep interest to the spectator. Greek priests were chanting their vespers in one corner, while carpenters were hammering away in another at the gorgeous estrade upon which the Emperor is to kneel while the metropolitan places the crown upon his head. Everything was resplendent with gold, and velvet, and ostrich feathers; but a glance was all I was permitted to take, sufficient to convince me that the interior of the church will not accommodate more than about five hundred persons."

The campaign projected by the Russians against the Circassians is indefinitely postponed.

Prince Esterhazy was unable to present himself before the Emperor Alexander as early as the Plenipotentiaries of England and France, owing to the absence of his credentials, which were not ready for him when he left Vienna. It was expected that a special courier would overtake him before he arrived at St. Petersburg; but a great pressure of business in the Austrian foreign-office prevented the speedy despatch of the necessary documents, and hence the delay in the presentation.

A romantic story is told of Count de Moroy exhibiting at a party a breast-pin, in which 'an almost invisible capsule,' on being opened, displayed an exquisite miniature of the Empress Eugénie. This, affirmed the gallant statesman, gave the pin the greatest value in his eyes. Ever since then, there has been a rage for infinitesimal miniatures of the French Empress to put in pins and brooches; but it has been found necessary to send to Paris for them, the Russian artists being unequal to their production.

ITALY.

The subscription for the hundred guns intended for the new fortifications of Alessandria is proceeding with extraordinary rapidity in the Grand Duchy. The lists are being publicly circulated, notwithstanding the efforts of the police. Among the chief subscribers may be mentioned the Marquis Gino Capponi and the Advocate Galeotti. At Leghorn, a great number of porters have subscribed.

The Sardinian Government has sequestered two papers at Genoa—the *Italia e Popolo* (in which Mazzini writes) and the *Maga*—for publishing lists of subscriptions to a fund for presenting a gift of 10,000 muskets to the first province of Italy which shall rise against the common enemy. The *Italia e Popolo*, however, continues to publish its subscription lists, only under the head of "Patriotic Fund."

The Pope has granted power to the Bishops of Sardinia to allow persons to read and retain the journals prohibited *a jure et ab homine*.

Prince Murat is at Aix-les-Bains, much to the annoyance and alarm of the Neapolitan King.

A proclamation, detailing their wrongs, and exhibiting the intensest hatred of the existing Government of King Bomba, has been put forward by the Sicilians. A disposition is shown to unite with the Neapolitans for the common object of putting an end to the tyranny under which they both suffer.

A disgraceful system, encouraged by the Government of King Ferdinand, of tampering with the electric telegraph, exists at Naples. The telegraph with England has been open two years, and it is alleged that, incredible as it may appear, the private messages of merchants and others are divulged, the instant they arrive, to a set of monthly-subscribing speculators, who act upon them, and affect the markets in most cases before the despatch has been delivered to the rightful owner. A commercial paper at Naples publicly gives the substance of each message, contenting itself with the sole omission of the names of the receivers. The telegraph is under the control of Government, the officials constituting, for the most part, of old Custom-house employes, who are bound to hand a copy of each despatch, as it arrives, to the Ministers of Finance and Police.—*Correspondent of the Times.*

Prince Charles Doria, who every year was accustomed to distribute a sum of 40,000 fr. in alms, has recently died. He was a *saccone*, and not content with what he himself gave, used to go, barefooted, dressed in coarse sackcloth, with a thick cord round his waist, about the streets, imploring charity from the passers-by for the poor.

The *Corriere Mercantile*, of Genoa, gives the following version of the riot which took place on the 24th ult. at Leghorn:—"Some country people were singing songs

in the street, which two soldiers who happened to be there took to be of a revolutionary nature. They intimidated to the singers to cease; their intimation was disregarded, and a fray ensued, in which the two soldiers were disarmed and wounded. This occurred on the Piazza d'Armi. The whole garrison was immediately called out and drawn up on the great square. Meanwhile, a few gendarmes had been driven back by the rioters with stones and knives. A detachment of riflemen was marched to the spot and fired into the air to disperse the crowds that had assembled. The matter then ended, but the town was in great agitation."

SWITZERLAND.

During Tuesday night, a royalist revolution broke out in Neuchâtel.

The royalists seized the Château, arrested the Councilors of State, and hoisted the Prussian flag.

The Neuchâtel telegraph was cut.

At Chaux de Fonds, and in the western portion of the canton, the population took up arms. According to the latest news, the federal troops have retaken the town, and the insurgent leader, Count Pourtalès, has been arrested.

GREECE.

The fête of the French Emperor was celebrated at the Piræus on the 15th ult., when Admiral Bouët Villaurgues provided plays and other public entertainments for the people. At a banquet given by the Admiral, at which the superior officers of the French and English armies were present, Mr. Wyse proposed the health of the Emperor, and Admiral Bouët replied by giving the toast of Queen Victoria. The Greek Government turned an eye of cold indifference on this celebration: not one of its employés, nor one of the officers of the court, attended.

TURKEY.

A sketch of the recent events at Serpents' Island is given by the Times Constantinople correspondent, who writes:—"In order to ascertain all the details, which was necessary in order to judge of the nature of the Russian occupation, Lord Lyons despatched her Majesty's ship *Gladiator*, Captain Hillyar, to the spot, while the Turkish Government sent a commissioner there for the same object. The news which they brought back was, as you know, that seven Russian marines, with a lieutenant, had come to the island, giving as the object of their arrival the restoring of the lighthouse."

Before these details arrived, which showed that the Turks, and not the Russians, were actually in possession of the island (the latter being treated by the former as guests), and that the Turkish flag alone was waving over the lighthouse as a symbol of their occupation, the simple fact of the Russian occupation was sent to England, the answer to which was the order to Lord Lyons to remove the Russians from the island. By the time this answer arrived, the *Gladiator* had likewise arrived, bringing the above-mentioned details, which modified considerably the first impression that prevailed when the occupation became known, and under which impression the order to remove the Russians had evidently been given. The gallant Admiral followed, therefore, more the spirit than the letter of this order, and sent back Captain Hillyar, of the *Gladiator*, with instructions to offer to the Russian lieutenant commanding the detachment on the Serpents' Island to give him and his men a passage to Odessa; and, if they did not consent to this, to proceed to Odessa and ask for their removal by the authorities there. Captain Hillyar proceeded accordingly to the island and made his offer, which, as might be expected, was not accepted by the lieutenant, who excused himself by his orders to remain on the island until further instructions from his superiors. So Captain Hillyar went to Odessa, and asked, according to his instructions, for the removal of the Russian detachment on the Serpents' Island. The Governor asked for forty-eight hours' delay, to telegraph to St. Petersburg for instructions. The answer from there was, that the Russians could not be removed until the question of the Serpents' Island was settled by the Conference at Paris. When Captain Hillyar received the answer at Odessa, he returned to Serpents' Island and stationed himself there, sending down the gunboat which had been put at his disposal with the news to the Admiral, who sent back instructions to him to remain there in observation, and prevent any attempts the Russians might make to increase their force. This precaution was not useless, as the sequel showed, for, on the 15th ult., a Russian steamer made its appearance before the island, having on board M. Botianoff, Conseiller d'Etat, and Gentilhomme de la Cour, and a staff for the re-establishment of the lighthouse. The Conseiller d'Etat, when he made the Turkish commander acquainted with his mission, which was to see the lighthouse restored, was told that the thing had been done, and that the commander of the Turkish detachment had no orders to receive any further reinforcement of Russians on the island. Seeing that his intention of landing an additional force on the island had been foiled by the precautions taken by Admiral Lyons and the Turkish Government, M. Botianoff left in the evening in the direction of the mouths of the Danube. Captain Hillyar, suspecting that this was done with the view of taking the superior commanding Turkish officer there by surprise, and gain an order of admission through him to the island, sent the Snake

gunboat, which overtook and passed the Russian steamer, so that, when M. Botianoff arrived, he found the Turkish Commander *au fait* of what had passed and on his guard, and his object was foiled there just as well as at the island. Thus the question rests for the moment."

The Russian Commission for the definition of the Asiatic frontier has arrived at Tiflis. The journals of Constantinople confirm the intelligence already given of the demolition of the fortress and the five barracks of Iamail. Thirteen Russian battalions were engaged in the work of destruction. The Fort of Kilias has also been blown up by the Russians. Lord Lyons will not quit the Bosphorus till after the complete evacuation of all Turkish territory at present occupied by Russia. Sir Houston Stewart has gone towards Anapa, and continues to cruise about in the Black Sea.

DENMARK.

The Superior Court of Kiel is equally divided on the affair of M. Scheele, who has been undergoing his trial; and it has declared itself to be incompetent to deliver a decision.

THE DANUBIAN PRINCIPALITIES.

Great hopes of a more liberal Government were excited in Wallachia when Prince Alexander Ghika was appointed Kaimakan, or provisional ruler of the province; but these anticipations have been in some measure dashed by his refusal to allow any fresh newspapers to be started. He urges that, his Government being only temporary, he should not be justified in making any change previously to the arrival of the Commissioners. Another question that has given great dissatisfaction is that of the recall of the exiles of 1848, who were banished for supporting liberal opinions. It was resolved at Bucharest to present a petition to Prince Ghika and the Allied Powers in favour of these outcasts. The Prince, being aware of the step, recommended its abandonment, and promised that the patriots should be speedily recalled; but here Austria seems to have stepped in, and to have prevented the fulfilment of the promise. What renders this omission the more harsh, is the fact that the men who followed the Russian army into Bessarabia, and fought against the Turks, have been allowed to return unmolested. Prince Ghika is accused of being too deferential to Austria.

OUR CIVILIZATION.

ATTEMPTED MURDER AND SUICIDE.

A YOUNG woman living at Dudley, named Ann Barr, has been shot by her lover, a man of the name of John Dance, and, although not killed at once by the wound, she is still considered in great danger. The would-be murderer committed suicide immediately afterwards. For some time past, Dance, who was first cousin to his intended victim, had been paying his addresses to the young woman at the house of her father, Mr. Thomas Barr, landlord of the Seven Stars Inn, Dudley, where Dance was engaged by his uncle as brewer. His attachment to Miss Barr was, after a time, discovered by her parents, who both highly disapproved of it, as indeed did the young woman herself. They all endeavoured to dissuade him from his courtship, but, as he persisted in it, and was also very unsteady in his habits, Mr. Barr dismissed him from his service. Dance, however, still continued to pay attentions to Miss Barr, and constantly visited her at her home. He was generally in a very wild and excited state on these occasions—a condition supposed to have been caused by the young woman's neglect of him; and he threatened several times to kill her unless she would accept him. As, however, these threats were believed to be nothing more than the ravings of an excited mind, they were totally disregarded by Miss Barr and her family. One night, about twelve o'clock, Dance, who was almost mad with drink, went to Mr. Barr's house in spite of the remonstrances of his friends, and, finding the front door closed, he entered the premises at the back part. He encountered Miss Barr in the passage, when, taking a pistol from his pocket, he shot her through her neck, the contents of the weapon lodging themselves in her lower jaw. She at once fell senseless to the ground. Directly afterwards Dance shot himself through the brain. He died instantaneously. Surgical assistance was speedily obtained, and Miss Barr's wounds were dressed, but very slight hopes are entertained of her recovery; she has completely lost her voice, but is nevertheless perfectly sensible.

It is thought that Dance was somewhat disordered in his intellect, the symptoms of which more especially manifested themselves when he was under the influence of rage or drink. This mental aberration is supposed to have resulted from an accident to his head which happened about three years ago, when he was employed as a guard by the South Staffordshire Railway Company. Judging from the peculiar spelling and style of composition of the following letter, which was found in his pocket, and which is a faithful copy of the original, the young man could not have received a good education:—

"Dear Ann—I now write to you hoping that it will find you quite well in health as it leaves me at this time. You may think that I had forgotten you, but I have not, nor can I forget those who I have once had the

pleasure of folded in my arms, and I think I had the pleasure of having those in my arms who once loved me, and if they are as true as those who they once sent me word that I had no respect for them, but I only hope that they respect me as much as I respect them, and then I am sure they love me. I have not had the pleasure of kissing those sweet lips of yours lately but I hope I shall once more have that honour.—My dear Ann, I remain yours extreme and affectionate lover.

"J. DANCE.

"P.S. I have not shown much affection to you as yet, but I hope you will please to forgive me, that I may see you soon, and I shall see those who I love."

A BUSINESS-LIKE SWINDLER.—A man, with a great many aliases, who has been obtaining money under false pretences at Stafford, and who was found to possess on his premises an illicit still, and several bottles of whisky which had not passed through the excise, has been arrested. Amongst the things discovered by the police was a "Directory," in which the names of tradesmen from whom he had received goods were struck out, evidently for the purpose of ensuring him from making a second application. A large quantity of goods were removed from his house to the police-office, amongst which are several boxes of cigars, obtained from different firms at Manchester; three barrels of ale, from Warwick; two large cases of British wines, from Liverpool; a quantity of new ropes, from Bristol; printing type, from London; ale pumps, also from London, &c. A wholesale swindler has likewise been arrested at Derby.

ATTEMPTING TO STAB A WIFE.—A carpenter, named Mark Briggs, has endeavoured to cut his wife's throat with a table-knife. The woman had taken some of her husband's money while he was in bed on Tuesday morning, and had sent for gin. On getting up, he missed the money, and asked her for it. She affirmed that she knew nothing of it; on which he took up a knife, and swore he would cut her throat. The woman having left the room in a passion, he followed her with the knife, which she endeavoured to take from him, but, failing, she took his hand with the knife in it, and drew the weapon across her own throat. Such was the statement of the man's little daughter; but it appeared she had heard her father at the hospital make a similar allegation. The woman was too much injured to appear; but she said to the police that the thing was an accident, and that she did not wish to prosecute. It seems she is an habitual drunkard. The case was remanded, and the man has since been discharged.

FORGERY.—George Webb, a well-dressed man, who said he was a tailor in winter, and "attended races" in summer, was charged with uttering a forged order, with a view to defraud the London and Westminster Bank. He stopped an errand-boy in Holborn, and told him to take a letter into the Bloomsbury branch of the bank, and wait for a book that would be given him. The letter contained an order signed "J. Wright," to deliver his (Mr. Wright's) bank-book to the bearer. This was immediately detected as a forgery, besides which, Mr. Wright already had his bank-book in his possession. A sham book was given to the boy, a constable was set to watch, and Webb, on receiving the book, was taken into custody. A number of flash notes of the "Bank of Engraving," a variety of betting lists, racing cards, &c., and a letter signed "Your darling Tootsy," in a woman's handwriting, were found upon the prisoner, whose defence was that another gentleman had given him the note to send to the bank. He was committed for trial.—A merchant, recently carrying on business in Thames-street, was charged at the Mansion House, before Sir Peter Laurie, with uttering three forged cheques on the Royal British Bank. The accused had formerly been a partner in the firm of Cooper, Pike, and Co., of Thames-street, but dissolved his connexion with that house about a month ago, since which time he had been in constant communication with Mr. Colton, an old friend and schoolfellow, carrying on business as a commission and shipping agent in Great St. Helen's. A short time ago, Cooper, the accused, called on Mr. Colton, and asked that gentleman to let him have a cheque for 20*l*., which request was granted. Shortly afterwards, Mr. Colton missed three blank drafts from his cheque-book, which he had previously shown to Cooper, by whom, as it was subsequently discovered, they had been abstracted. The prisoner had then filled up the cheques, at different times, for various sums of money, and signed them in Mr. Colton's name. The drafts were all presented and paid at the British Bank, where Mr. Colton kept his account. The handwriting of Cooper was well known both to Mr. Colton and the cashiers of the Royal British Bank, Cooper having likewise formerly kept an account there. On missing the drafts from his book, Mr. Colton gave information of the circumstance to a detective officer, who searched out and apprehended the prisoner. After he was in custody, an order for goods, signed "Gatty and Co.," and another for a cheque-book, signed by the same firm, and written on the cover of a letter directed to Messrs. Rogers, Olding, and Co., the bankers, were found on him. The officer having stated that he believed he should be able to prove that these orders likewise were forgeries, the accused was remanded. On a

subsequent day, Cooper's solicitor, Mr. Thompson, was examined (though with great reluctance on his part), when it appeared that the cheque-books had been handed to him by the accused. He was ordered to produce them on a future day, and the case was again postponed.

ANDREW BRACKEN.—The sentence of death on Andrew Bracken, a man who killed another in a Lancashire fight, under circumstances of great brutality, but apparently in hot blood, and without any long premeditation, has been commuted to transportation for life.

A REVENGEFUL GERMAN DRAGOON.—An ex-officer of dragoons in the German Legion, named Herman Von Dittmar, was charged at the Westminster police court with violently assaulting his senior officer, Major Yates, belonging to the first regiment of the same corps. The man's conduct had previously been made the subject of a court of inquiry in his regiment, as he had behaved disrespectfully to Major Yates. He had likewise been severely reprimanded for his conduct, in presence of all the officers of the corps. Soon after this, he quitted the service, and nothing more was seen of him until about ten days ago, when, as Major Yates was walking in Cremorne Gardens, he suddenly heard some one exclaim, "I have him." Almost at the same moment, he received a heavy blow on his arm from a bludgeon, and directly afterwards another on his head. The blow on his arm was struck with such force that it broke one of the small bones, and the major was laid up for several days in consequence. Having in vain applied for assistance both to the police on duty in the gardens and to the nearest police station in Chelsea, where they said they could not interfere, Major Yates applied at the Westminster court for a warrant, and the German was apprehended. When in custody, the man confessed to the policeman that the assault on the major was a premeditated act. Mr. Arnold could not understand why the police at Cremorne and Chelsea refused to protect Major Yates, as the assault committed on him was one of the very worst description, and certainly called for their interference. He remanded the accused, who has since been committed for trial.

BURGERS SURPRISED.—Two rough-looking fellows, well-known to the police, and bearing the names of Smith and Underwood, were charged at Clerkenwell with a burglary in the house of Mr. Branford, in the Shakesford-road, Stoke Newington. They had been seen lurking about the premises in the early part of the day, by two servants at a neighbour's house. In the evening, they appeared again, and were observed to open Mr. Branford's door, and enter. The girls told their master of their suspicions, and he, with the aid of a policeman, entered the premises, and caught the thieves. The lower rooms were covered with property, strewn about in the greatest disorder, and, upon proceeding up-stairs, the same scene of confusion presented itself. The deprecators were found crouched in the back room; but, as soon as Underwood saw the police constable, he said, "Do not strike us, and we will surrender at once." The policeman, upon searching the chimney of the back room, found a "jemmy," the end of which corresponded with the marks on the workbox, and a large number of skeleton keys, and in another room, in the chimney, were also some more skeleton keys. The men were remanded, in order that previous convictions might be proved against them.

WOMAN-BEATING.—A very infamous case of prolonged ill-usage of a woman has been brought out in evidence at Worship-street, where Joseph Lazarus was charged with an assault on Caroline Rouse, a wretched woman with whom he dwelt. The scoundrel lived in entire idleness, and supported himself by forcing the poor creature into the streets, to obtain money by her own shame and degradation. A few nights ago, having driven her forth for this purpose, she returned with 7s. 6d., with which he was dissatisfied, and told her to go out again. She wandered up and down till three o'clock in the morning without obtaining any more money, when suddenly she met the man Lazarus, who, on learning she had not been successful, flew into a violent rage, and threatened to murder her before the night had passed. She then went home, hoping to bolt the ruffian out; but he was too quick for her, and, fastening the door upon them both, struck her a fearful blow in the face, knocked her down, and kicked her on the head, legs, and body, till her screams brought a policeman to her aid. In giving her evidence before the magistrate, the poor woman added that this was not the worst of the prisoner's conduct to her, for, upon one occasion, she was too ill to earn money in her usual manner, and he therefore forced her out to steal, the result of which was that she was caught and detected at once, and sentenced to two months' imprisonment. She now felt very ill, and nearly the whole of her person was covered with bruises. Here she became so tremulous and affected, that she was led out into the air. The magistrate sentenced Lazarus to six months' imprisonment with hard labour, and ordered that at the end of that time he should put in substantial bail for a further period of like duration.

ALLEGED WIFE-MURDER.—Mr. Baxter, a retired inspector of Excise, is in the custody of the county police at Gateshead, charged with murdering his wife. The accused had retired upon a pension of £300 a year, and

with his wife lived in a village called Greenside, a few miles west of Gateshead. They had fallen into very intemperate habits, and on the evening of Friday week had both retired to bed in a state of intoxication. About half-past two o'clock on Saturday morning, their domestic, a girl named Davison, was awakened by the ringing of a bell in her mistress's room. She proceeded to the bedroom, and found her mistress lying partly off the bed. The girl lifted her into a proper position, and retired. Her master was then either asleep or too drunk to notice anything. About four o'clock the same morning, she was again aroused by the voice of her master, and, upon springing out of bed again and running into the room, she observed her master sitting up in bed holding her mistress's hand. He said to the girl, "I believe she is dead." The girl touched the body, and, finding it cold, ran out for a neighbour. When they returned, Mr. Baxter was still in bed with his dead wife, but he was induced to get up, and the body was laid out. At the inquest, Mr. Callender, surgeon, who had examined the body, assigned drunkenness as the cause of death; but, after the evidence of the servant girl, the jury again viewed the body, and discovered that one of the legs was discoloured from the ankle to the thigh. The arms and chest were also discoloured, and the throat from ear to ear was intensely black. The inquest was then adjourned, and a post mortem examination was made by Mr. Callender and Dr. Barkus. Some wounds were found on the scalp, which, however, were not sufficient to cause immediate death; but large masses of coagulated blood were also observed between the scalp and the brain. From those and other appearances, Dr. Barkus came to the conclusion that the woman had died from strangulation. The jury, however, could not agree as to their verdict, being divided between murder and manslaughter; and the inquest was adjourned in consequence.

MURDER AT MALTA.—A Maltese has assassinated the superintendent of the Marine Police at Malta. Shortly after noon, on the 25th of August, as the Honourable Captain Thomas Graves, R.N., the superintendent of the ports at Malta, was about entering a calesse, in Strada Reale, to embark for England in the *Ava*, on leave, a Maltese waterman rushed upon him, and inflicted two wounds in his stomach, from which the captain has since died. The miscreant, who was arrested on the spot, with the bloody knife in his hand, gloried in the act. He assigns as a motive for its commission the having had his boat hauled up and suspended from plying for a fortnight for an offence which he considered unworthy of such heavy punishment.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.—An awkward counter-charge was made against some officers of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to animals in the course of a case brought forward by that body against Joseph Fry, a carrier from Rickmansworth to London, who was charged with working three horses while they had the mange, two of them, moreover, having open wounds. The man was an old offender, and had been fined before by one of the metropolitan magistrates. He denied the alleged cruelty, and said that, if he had given money to the Society's officer, he might have got off. There was a person in court, he added, who could prove this. Here, a Mr. Porter, a farmer at Cheshunt, in Hertfordshire, stepped forward and said that, as he was taking a load of hay to the railway, his vehicle being drawn by a mare which had a sore back (though, as the saddle-strap had been padded the wound was not hurt), a man came up to him, asked to look at the mare's back, and threatened to take him into custody. Finally, he offered to take money to forego the charge, and, having received 5s. 9d., he left. One of the Society's officers, who was in court, in connexion with the charge against Fry, said a man was convicted about a year ago of receiving money under similar circumstances. Mr. Porter added, he should know the man again; he was an Irishman. To this, the Society's officer replied that there was not an Irishman among their body. He believed the man would be found not to belong to the Society. The case was adjourned to the next day. On its being resumed on Tuesday, Mr. Weymans, the new manager of the Society, who has just succeeded Mr. Forster, attended with all the constables (with one exception), seven in number, and said he was prepared to go into the case. Fry and Potter were both unable to identify any of the officers as men who had demanded money for suppressing charges. The case then seemed at an end, and Mr. Weymans intimated that the Society would prosecute at its own expense any man taking money under the false pretence of being one of its officers; but at this point Fry said he recognized among the constables a certain John Pearsall, a man who had taken money from him. However, he was not prepared with a witness. Pearsall said he had been obliged to keep a constant watch on the horses of Fry and of Fry's father, and had caused one of the two men to be fined 30s. and costs; and they had trumped up this story in revenge. Fry furthermore said he had treated another officer, Smith, to some ale; he had also treated Pearsall. Pearsall, on this, admitted that he had drunk a glass of ale, on Fry's invitation, after the conviction at Marlborough-street; but he did not know whether Fry paid for the liquor. Smith utterly denied the charge. Fry then stated that he had given ale and money to a third officer, George

Seaman, and to a fourth, who was not present. Mr. Weymans promised there should be an inquiry. With respect to the original charge, Sir Peter Laurie, on viewing the horses, thought the case was not a strong one, and therefore only imposed a fine of five shillings and costs. Four of the Society's constables have since been suspended. Another charge of cruelty was brought forward at Lambeth, where a cab-driver was fined ten shillings for driving a horse with a wound on its neck. The animal also exhibited signs of severe lashing, which had caused the blood to flow; and it appeared to be half starved. The cabman said he gave only 8d. 10s. for it. It was condemned to the knacker's yard.

SUPPOSED MURDER OF TWIN INFANTS.—An inquest has been held at the Kensington Workhouse, on the bodies of two newly-born infants, a boy and a girl, who had apparently been born together, and afterwards murdered by suffocation and exposure. The bodies were discovered in the front garden of a house in Pentridge-villas, Notting-hill, wrapped up in a large bundle. They had evidently been born alive, and were very fine, strong-looking infants. A verdict of Wilful Murder against some person or persons unknown was returned.

A POLICEMAN FINED.—Cornelius Dempsey, a police constable, has been fined thirty shillings by the Lambeth magistrate for excess of duty in violently assaulting a woman of the town in the Old Kent Road at three o'clock in the morning.

ALLEGED MURDER AT NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—A woman, named Ann Fleming, died on Friday week at a house in Back-row, Newcastle, under suspicious circumstances. It appears that for some time past she had been subjected to most violent and cruel treatment from her paramour, whose name is William Fleming, an Irishman. The girl, a few days previous to her death, charged all her injuries on the man with whom she has been living, and who has absconded.

DESTITUTION.—Six young women, in the last stage of destitution, were charged at Marlborough-street with being found sleeping in Hyde Park. The park-keeper stated that he had seen most of the women in the park for some nights past. The women said they had neither money, friends, nor home. They were obliged to sleep in the open air, as they could not pay for a lodging. They had been sleeping in Hyde Park for the last fortnight. On being questioned, they appeared to be from the country. Mr. Bingham said he would discharge them if they would promise to find their way back to the country. The women having given the promise, were discharged.

THE ROYAL BRITISH BANK.—A case seriously reflecting on the Royal British Bank was brought forward on Wednesday at Guildhall, where a Mrs. Susannah Chipp applied to the sitting alderman for advice. She said her husband had been captain of the *Ida*, belonging to Messrs. Linklater and Green, and on the 28th of June last he sailed from Jamaica for Liverpool in perfect health. On the previous day, she received a telegraphic message from Queen's-town, stating that her husband had died in the passage home, leaving her a widow with two children, one fifteen months, the other five weeks, old. She went to the Royal British Bank, and drew out £300, which she had deposited there in December last. It was the amount of a bequest she had received on the death of her father, and it was all she had in the world to support herself and her children. One of her brothers, who was with her, and who has 300*l.* similarly deposited there, told the manager the circumstances of her misfortune, and that she wished to deposit the money for safety. The manager assured her it would be perfectly safe, and advised her to leave it. She had received the money in two notes—one for 300*l.* and one for 20*l.*—but upon that assurance she gave them up, and received the usual deposit note about twelve o'clock. They left the bank, but from a rumour they heard they returned in about a quarter of an hour, and their astonishment was extreme when they found the door closed, and a placard on it stating that the bank had "suspended payment during negotiations." She was now utterly ruined, having lost her husband, and with the money every other means of support. The alderman suggested that an officer of the court should go with the woman to the bank. This was done, and, on his return, he stated that he had been admitted, and had seen a clerk, who took the deposit note to the directors, who were then sitting, and laid the applicant's case before them. When he came back, he said the directors durst not pay the money now, but they had no doubt everybody would be paid in full. With this assurance the poor woman was obliged to be satisfied for the present.

OBITUARY.

MR. GILBERT ABBOTT A'BECKETT.—A gap has been made in the current comic literature of the country by the death of this sparkling writer, which took place at Boulogne last Saturday, under peculiarly painful circumstances. Mr. A'Beckett's son, a boy turned nine years of age, died at that French sea-side town, on the Thursday previously, of malignant scarlet throat; and the shock, coming upon the previous anxiety, and coupled with an attack of typhus fever, appears to have precipitated, or augmented, in the case of the father, a fit of congestion of the brain, under which he rapidly

sank, at the early age of forty-five. Though still in the prime of life, Mr. A'Beckett had been before the public as an author for many years, having, we believe, wielded his pen when less than eighteen—not, by the way, an uncommon thing in those days of early development. It must, we think, be five or six-and-twenty years since he started a comic journal called *Figaro in London*, which, together with other ventures of the same kind with which he was connected, may be looked on as the faint precursors of *Punch*. Mr. A'Beckett was one of the projectors of, and earliest writers in, that periodical, where his grave humour, and apparently unconscious *double entendres*, formed for many years some of the most delightful features of those witty pages. George Cruikshank's *Table Book*, started in 1845, and the *Almanack of the Month*, in 1846, were also periodicals with which he was closely concerned. He was likewise the author of several separate works, such as, "The Comic Blackstone," "The Comic English Grammar," "The Comic Histories of England and Rome," &c.; and his farces and burlesques for the theatres are out of number. For a long period he was a constant writer in the *Times*, where he particularly distinguished himself by his leaders on the cruelties practised at the Andover workhouse—a subject on which he was peculiarly competent to write, as he had himself conducted the official inquiry, and had prepared a report of great lucidity and comprehensiveness. Coming of a legal family, Mr. A'Beckett was himself a lawyer; and about eight years ago he was appointed as a magistrate, first at the Greenwich, and afterwards at the Southwark police courts. His duties he discharged with the most uniform good sense; and we do not recollect that he was ever taxed with one wrong decision, or that he at any time indulged in those foolish remarks which are not uncommonly spouted forth by the occupants of 'the bench.' From this, indeed, his fine wit would save him. His death will be greatly regretted.

LIEUTENANT HUGH FLEMING, MILITARY KNIGHT OF WINDSOR.—This old and gallant officer died at his residence, the Upper Foundation, Windsor Castle, last Saturday. Lieutenant Fleming had seen much service, having been in the campaigns of Flanders in 1793, 1794, and 1795, in Holland in 1799, in Germany in 1805, at Copenhagen in 1807, and in the Peninsula from 1809 to 1814. He was wounded several times, and was taken prisoner at Placentia on the 2nd of August, 1809, but escaped ten days afterwards, and rejoined the army. He has received the war medal with eight clasps.

SIR JOHN ROSS.—We regret to announce the death of Rear-Admiral Sir John Ross, K.C.B., which occurred on Saturday morning last at 43, Gillingham-street, Pimlico. This gallant Arctic voyager entered the navy as far back as 1786, and during the late war was constantly engaged actively. His most important services were rendered in the Arctic regions, where in 1818 he went with Sir W. E. Parry. In the *Driver*, he proceeded, for the purpose of exploring Baffin's Bay, and inquiring into the probability of a north-west passage. The results of his investigations are detailed by Captain Ross, in his "Voyage of Discovery," published in 1819. He was afterwards, from May, 1829, until October, 1833, employed in the *Victory* steamer, on a fresh expedition to the Arctic regions, equipped at the expense of the present Sir Felix Booth. He received the honour of knighthood, together with the Companion-ship of the Bath, December 24, 1834. On March 8, 1839, he was appointed consul at Stockholm, where he remained several years. During the war Sir John Ross, in three different actions, was thirteen times wounded. Among other works, Sir John wrote "Letters to Young Sea Officers," "Memoirs and Correspondence of Admiral Lord de Saumarez," and a "Treatise on Navigation by Steam." By his death, a good service pension lies at the disposal of the First Lord of the Admiralty.—*Globe*.

MR. YARRELL, the naturalist, died a few days ago. Mr. Edward Jesse, writing to the *Times*, gives a few particulars of the deceased gentleman's life. He states that he "was formerly an extensive newspaper agent, but at the same time he was one of our best naturalists. This was shown in his beautiful and valuable works on British birds and British fishes, and in several valuable and interesting papers in the Transactions of the Linnean and Zoological Societies. Mr. Yarrell, as an ichthyologist, in conjunction with the writer of this notice, solved the problem which had perplexed naturalists from the days of Pliny, as to the history of the eel. He clearly proved that they were oviparous, had scales, and bred for the most part in the brackish waters at the mouths of rivers—thus removing many doubts and difficulties on this curious subject. Mr. Yarrell has left behind him an interesting museum, chiefly of British natural history, and a valuable collection of books on that subject, much of which we should be glad to see transferred to the British Museum." Mr. Jesse also speaks warmly of the excellence of Mr. Yarrell's private character.

SIR RICHARD WESTMACOTT, R.A.—The week has been fertile in deaths of eminent men. In addition to those already mentioned, we have now to record the demise of Sir Richard Westmacott, the sculptor, which took place on Monday. He was a native of London, where he was born in 1775. His father was a sculptor

before him, and his son inherits the family tendency. Having studied in Italy, where he gained high honours, he returned to London, and soon acquired an extensive reputation. In 1805, he was made an Associate of the Royal Academy; in 1816, he was advanced to be R.A. Several statues by him adorn St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey; and he was the designer of the Achilles statue in Hyde Park, the statue of Nelson at the Liverpool Exchange, and, together with Flaxman and Bailey, a portion of the figures on the frieze of the Marble Arch, not to speak of several minor works. His latest production was the sculptured pediment of the British Museum. He was knighted, as an acknowledgment of his merits, in 1837. In 1827, he succeeded Flaxman as Professor of Sculpture in the Royal Academy, and held that appointment until his decease: he had not, however, exhibited since 1839.

IRELAND.

THE CROPS.—The crops in the south and west have not suffered to any great degree by the recent weather: on the contrary, they present a very flourishing appearance. The potato disease has undoubtedly appeared, but the roots are said not to have suffered, and in many instances the plants which were attacked have recovered. Turnips now promise a fair crop. Farm labourers are receiving excellent wages, ranging from 4s. to 7s. 6d. a day for reapers and mowers. The recent order with respect to the destruction of roadside weeds is being actively carried into effect.

THE CIRCUMLOCUTION OFFICE.—One of the gravest instances of the difference betwixt tweedledum and tweedledee has just been brought to light in a communication addressed to the Marquis of Londonderry by the Under-Secretary of State for Ireland. This official *brochure* refers to a correspondence relative to the proper designation of the two regiments of militia for the county of Down, and of so grave and complex a nature was the question, that the Executive deemed it discreetest to submit it to the consideration of the law officers of the Crown, "with the various statutes which relate to the militia of Ireland." How long those same law officers took to deliberate does not transpire, but the result Colonel Larcom announces to be that in their opinion "the two regiments of militia for the county of Down should be called respectively 'North Down' and 'South Down,' and not by the titles of 'North Downshire' and 'South Downshire.'"—*Times*.

ELECTRIC COMMUNICATION WITH AMERICA.—There is now lying at anchor off Queenstown the American screw steamer *Arctic*, the vessel which was sent to the Polar regions to the rescue of Dr. Kane, and previously in the unsuccessful attempt to discover Franklin. She has now just crossed from Newfoundland, and taken soundings of the whole Atlantic, from St. John's to Valencia, with a view to testing the practicability of laying down an electric cable to connect the two shores. Captain Berriman reports that the soundings indicate that the telegraph may be laid down with the most perfect ease. The bottom, composed of shells, is very soft and smooth, and there appears to be an absence of currents and of any vast pressure. "Each sounding," says the *Cork Constitution*, "shows not only the depth, but the nature of the bottom, which is brought up in five quills, and the temperature of the water, the latter being given by the expansion or contraction of metallic spiral ribbons placed round a centre pin, fixed at the top, and attached at bottom to a needle and indicator, the latter remaining fixed after the first has ceased to act, showing the exact variation between the surface and the bottom. The company have already obtained the sole grant for erecting telegraphs through the whole of Newfoundland, and have already some 1700 miles at work, or will have in a few days, which is in connexion with the American lines. The difficulties and trials of temper in taking these soundings have been tremendous. Repeatedly after 'paying out' tens of thousands of fathoms of line, and getting all up within some sixty or eighty, it was snapped, and all had to be done again."

THE COURT-MARTIAL AT NENAGH.—The official finding of the court-martial was promulgated on Friday week, and is as follows:—Four men sentenced by court-martial to transportation for life commuted to twenty-one years, and two men sentenced to twenty-one years' transportation commuted to fourteen years each; two, sentenced to twelve years' transportation, commuted to four years' penal servitude. One of the prisoners tried was found Not Guilty. The sentence of death passed upon Patrick Burns, North Tipperary Militia, by Judge Moore, at last Nenagh Assizes, for the murder of a soldier of the 41st Regiment, has been commuted to transportation for life. The five men of the North Tipperary Militia who were sentenced at Nenagh Assizes to fifteen years' transportation each, have had their sentences commuted to ten years' penal servitude.

ACCIDENT TO COLONEL HAMILTON.—A serious accident has happened to Colonel Hamilton, the commanding officer of the second battalion of the Grenadier Guards now stationed in Dublin. His horse took fright, ran away, and finally dashed his head against a wall with such fearful violence as to destroy one eye. The animal then reeled and fell; and the Colonel, who had already been a good deal hurt on the arm by the shock, was

further bruised by the horse falling on him. After lying for some hours, the beast expired in great agony. Colonel Hamilton is not considered in danger.

NAVAL AND MILITARY.

TRAVELLING ALLOWANCE TO TROOPS.—On the recommendation of the Commander-in-Chief, a circular has been issued to all officers commanding regiments, intimating that Lord Panmure has approved of a further extension of the full marching allowance under these conditions:—"If the journey exceed two hundred and fifty miles in one day and night a second marching allowance may be issued, and a third issue of the said allowance if the journey exceed four hundred miles." The circular likewise states that "his Lordship has also been pleased to sanction the second allowance being issued to all troops conveyed between Liverpool and Aldershot or between Liverpool and Woolwich, although the distance travelled be under two hundred and fifty miles, provided the men are not billeted and the journey is performed in connexion with an embarkation or disembarkation at Liverpool."

COURT-MARTIAL.—The proceedings of the court-martial held at Chatham Barracks on private George Smith, 10th Regiment, who was tried on a charge of having, while in a state of intoxication, loaded his musket and drawn his bayonet, which he threatened to run through any one who attempted to arrest him, have been made known. The prisoner was sentenced to receive fifty lashes, and further to be imprisoned at Fort Clarence for three hundred and sixty-five days. On the finding of the court being submitted to the Duke of Cambridge, his Royal Highness, on account of the man's previous good conduct, was pleased to remit the corporal punishment, and also a portion of the imprisonment to which he was sentenced.

THE BOARD OF ADMIRALTY AT PORTSMOUTH.—The Admiralty state yacht *Osborne*, Commander Bower, arrived at Portsmouth on Friday week from Plymouth with the Board of Admiralty. The members are Sir Charles Wood, Sir M. F. F. Berkeley, Rear-Admiral Sir Henry Eden, Captain Sir Baldwin W. Walker, Colonel Greene, Director of Engineering and Architectural Works, and Mr. Bedford, private secretary. The first business of importance their Lordships transacted was to appoint Captain the Hon. Henry Keppel, C.B., of Her Majesty's ship *Colossus*, to be Commodore of the second class and second in command of the fleet on the East India and China station, vice the Hon. C. G. J. B. Elliot. Commodore Keppel will hoist his broad pendant in the fine first-class sailing 50-gun frigate *Raleigh* at Portsmouth.

LOSS OF THE SHIP BEN AVON.—The loss of this vessel, Captain Scott, has been reported at Lloyd's. She sailed from London on the 10th of March, and arrived off Amoy on the 16th of June, when she was caught in a typhoon of almost unexampled violence, and was eventually totally wrecked on Hoe-Loo Point, a place about thirty miles northward of Amoy. The captain's wife, the owner's son, and several passengers were drowned; the survivors arrived at Amoy on the 24th of June, on board a lorch. The cargo, which was valued at about 30,000*l.*, was nearly all washed on shore and conveyed into the interior by the natives.

THE BELGIAN TRANSATLANTIC MAIL STEAMERS.—The steamship *Belgique*, Captain Tack, belonging to the Belgian Transatlantic Steam Navigation Company, sailed on Saturday for Antwerp. This steamer put back to Southampton from an attempted voyage to New York last January, and has ever since been under repairs at Southampton. She is now pronounced to be in a sound and seaworthy condition. An examination into the state of the vessel proved her to be more extensively faulty than was even at first reported, the defect being in the primary construction of the ship. The repairs which have been effected by Messrs. Summers and Day have been of the most extensive and costly nature.

MR. FRANCIS'S FLOATING METALLIC PORTON WAGON. which was tested in various ways some time back, has been again submitted to some most severe trials. Enormous weights were placed upon it, and every effort was made to cause it to upset; but in vain. It was lifted out of the water by means of a crane, cleared out, and again thrown into the water. It was then rowed about, rolled and rocked, and struck with a sledge-hammer some twenty or thirty blows on one spot, without any visible effect on the rivets or joints. After being carefully examined, it was mounted on its carriage, and dragged up to the practising butt. An artilleryman standing at a range of one hundred yards then fired a couple of Minie rifle balls through the sides. In each case, the ball traversed, without splintering, clean through the body, carrying with it a portion of the metal. The success of this experiment was considered of great importance, as considerable injury results in many cases from the scattered splinters of the carriages in present use. Mr. Francis then got into the waggon and closed the perforations with a few blows of a hammer, leaving only the spots which had been carried away by the balls. These, he explained, could be repaired in the most simple manner by any one "with any bit of metal and two or three old nails."

SOLDIERS' WIVES.—"Humanitas" writes to the

Times:—"The 92nd Highlanders have lately formed the garrison of Edinburgh Castle. On Friday, the 22nd ult., the regiment embarked at Granton for Fort George. The wife of one of the privates had been confined on the previous Wednesday, and, when the regiment marched from the Castle, this poor creature, scarcely two days confined, was lifted into a hackney cab, driven, screaming with pain, through the crowded streets of the Scotch capital, and placed on board ship to undertake a two days' voyage to the destination of the regiment. Whether or not this outrage took place with the woman's consent, I am unaware; but the scandal of the whole proceeding points it out as a fit subject for illustration."

SHIPWRECK OF THE WESTERN BRIDE.—The Western Bride, on its way from the Chincha Islands to Queenstown, Ireland, has been completely wrecked. On the 26th of February, in latitude forty degrees south, longitude seventy-eight degrees west, the ship, from the influence of very strong winds and heavy seas, became leaky. On the 27th, the foreyard was carried away. On the 2nd of March the vessel entered the Straits of Magellan; but the gale was so violent that it was found impossible to cast anchor. The ship then continued its voyage until the 8th, when she struck on a reef of sunken rocks, about two miles from Barranca Point. She continued to strike very heavily for two hours and a half, when she floated again; but the injuries she had received were so great, that, although the pumps were vigorously manned, the water fast gained on the crew, who had barely time to save themselves in two boats. The vessel sank immediately they were clear of her. The crew suffered great agony on Barana Point, where they landed; for they had only a few soaked biscuits and no water. The weather was bitterly cold, but they feared to light a fire, lest the natives, who are cannibals, might come down upon them. They remained five days on this point, when, the sea having abated, they took to their boats, rowed across the straits, and, after several days' agony from hunger and thirst, reached a small Chilian settlement in Patagonia, the governor of which, a Dane, received them kindly. On the 15th of May they were taken off by the United States war brig Bainbridge.

PAT-SERGEANT WILLIAM JAMES, of the 10th company of Sappers and Miners, has absconded with a considerable sum of the public money. He has hitherto borne a good character, and has but recently returned from the Crimea.

THE TIPPERARY MILITIA was disembodied on Monday. At eleven o'clock the men were drawn up in line, as were also the depôts of the 9th, 39th, and 17th Regiments. After going through some evolutions, they formed into square, the General and staff stood in the centre, and Sir James Chatterton addressed them, observing:—"I attend here with the Tipperary Militia on their disembodiment, and I fondly hoped I should be able to give you that meed of praise which I was able to give to all the other militia regiments in my district. I cannot do that; you have committed acts of such a character as leave it impossible for me to give you approbation. I had fondly hoped you would leave the militia with honour; but in this I was disappointed. You listened to the advice of evil-disposed persons—you forgot the respect due to your officers and to yourselves, and you now see the melancholy consequences upon some of your comrades of hearkening to bad advice." After some further remarks, the General said, "Officers of the Tipperary Militia, you have my fullest approbation for the way in which you have acted on this trying occasion." At the close of his address, a memorandum from the General commanding in Ireland was read, administering a still further reproof to the men for the part they had taken in the late Nenagh outrages, and defending the regulations which are alleged to have provoked them. These, it is stated, were in accordance with the usual rules.

SUPPOSED LOSS OF A SCREW COLLIER AND ALL HANDS.—The Whitley Park iron screw collier left the Tyne seventeen days ago, deeply laden with coals for Havre. No more has been heard of her; but the crew of a vessel saw a large iron ship go down in the Channel during the late gales, and there is every reason to think that she was the Whitley Park. Above a dozen hands were on board the collier, which was quite a new vessel.

ACCIDENTS AND SUDDEN DEATHS.

The son of a Mr. Reid, a brewer at Newcastle has been drowned while bathing at Whitley, near Tynemouth. Like several other bathers on the coasts this season, he was carried away by the tides, and perished before the eyes of his brother, who vainly endeavoured to save him. The last words of the drowning man were to dissuade his brother from coming to the rescue. "Go back, go back!" he exclaimed; "I will swim out to the French boats." But he sank almost immediately afterwards.

The inquest on the bodies of John Griffiths, an able seaman, and a woman named Maycock, who were drowned in the Medway by the capsizing of the boat belonging to her Majesty's ship Trafalgar, during a gale of wind, has resulted in the jury—nine of whom were warrant-officers—appending to their verdict of

'Accidentally Drowned,' an opinion that the boat to which the accident occurred was unfit for the work it had to perform, it being but eighteen feet in length, and the only one belonging to the Trafalgar. The jury suggested that boats of at least twenty-five feet in length should be supplied to the whole of the vessels of war lying in ordinary in the Medway, the boats now in use being, in the opinion of the jury, unsafe for the work required of them, more especially in the winter months.

Mr. Askey, the second in command at the coast-guard station at Swanage, has been drowned in Studland Bay, having been thrown out of his boat by the violence of the winds and waves.

A man has been killed, while in a state of drunkenness, by falling into a vat of boiling water, on the premises of Mr. Wrigley, sizing manufacturer, Spring Wood, near Halifax. The vat, at the time, had about half a load of bones in it; and the man was helping to throw in some more, when, being intoxicated, he became dizzy, and fell over the edge. His companion pulled him partly out, but he fell back, and, when got out again, he implored that he might be thrown in once more, to put him out of his agony. He declared he had swallowed three mouthfuls of the water.

A remarkable accident and escape (says a local paper) lately took place at Harrington. A boy, about five years old, fell into the stream; the waters were swollen by the heavy rains to the bulk of a river, and the child was borne along until he was washed over a sluice with a fall of twenty feet. Some people tried to rescue him before he approached the culvert, or tunnel, through which the stream passes for some two hundred or three hundred yards, under the houses, road, and railway-bridge, but they could not succeed. He was given up for lost; but he emerged on the further side of the bridge, and, when on the point of being carried out to sea, was caught by some labourers on the spot, and rescued, very little the worse.

A man, named William Connor, has been killed, and five others seriously injured, by a casualty which occurred on Wednesday morning at the new block of buildings, Wellington Barracks, Birdcage-walk. The accident was caused by the giving way of a portion of the cornice of the front part of the building facing James-street. It is alleged that the workmen neglected sufficiently to counterbalance the projection of the cornice by the parapet, and that this led to the casualty. The scaffold was brought to the ground with twelve or fourteen workmen upon it. The persons injured were taken to Westminster Hospital.

An inquest was held at Exton, on Tuesday, upon the body of Edward Cunningham, coachman to Mr. Baker, of Cottesmore, agent to the Earl of Gainsborough. Mr. Baker had been dining with the Earl of Gainsborough, and had ordered his dogcart to be at the door at half-past ten o'clock to take him home. At about a quarter to eleven o'clock, the Rev. William Gibson left the house, and noticed the horse and cart standing at the door. Mr. Baker left the house a few minutes later, but the dogcart could not then be seen. Lights were procured, a search was made, and after some time a hat, and the seat and cushion of a dogcart, were found floating in a piece of water in the pleasure-grounds, about a hundred yards from the house, and about thirty yards from the road leading to Cottesmore. The cart, and the dead bodies of the horse and coachman, were afterwards discovered. The coachman appears to have been slightly intoxicated when he left the house.

A telegraphic message has been received by the Society of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, to the effect that the Rev. William Nind, M.A., Senior Fellow of the College, has met with an accident which resulted in his death. Mr. Nind was staying at the Hôtel du Monde, Paris, where he was spending a part of the Long Vacation. Late on Monday night, a fire having from some unknown cause, broken out in the hotel, an alarm was given, and Mr. Nind, fearing that he could not escape by the passage and stairs, rashly jumped from his bedroom window into the street below. His fall was observed by the passers-by; but, before medical assistance could be procured, life was extinct.

John Jeaves, a carman, has been killed at St. Katherine's Docks by the falling on his head of some bags of sugar which were being lowered from the upper story of a building, when the rope suddenly slipped. The poor man, when extricated, raised his right hand, said "Good-by!" to the boy who was with him, and immediately expired.

Mr. James Barry, of Rockfield, a magistrate, and one of the largest land agents in the south of Ireland, has been drowned. Russell's-quay, Limerick, projects a considerable distance out into the river beyond the other quays. It is supposed that Mr. Barry was walking along this quay, and that, not perceiving its termination, as his vision was very defective, he fell in.

WHICH IS WHICH?—QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE EX-QUEEN OF OUDE.

WHEREVER there is the presence of Royalty, either possessing or not possessing a kingdom—there will ecstatic funkism be rampant—there will penny-aliing glow like scarlet plush. The veritable Queen, our

Sovereign Lady Victoria, goes for an autumnal holiday to Scotland: funkism goes with her, and dogs her steps to the most solitary retreats. The sham Queen of Oude comes to England to get back a kingdom for her son: funkism lacqueys her from Southampton to London. Let the reader judge for himself. Thus discourses Mr. Jenkins, of the *Morning Post*, on the genuine Queen in Edinburgh:—"This" (the 29th ult.) "has been a great day for 'Auld Bessie.' Long years have passed since the ancient Palace of Holyrood has boasted the presence of a reigning sovereign within its walls for any period beyond the few short hours needful for the repose of the Court in its autumnal progress to the Highlands. Her Majesty's gracious intention to honour her Scottish capital with even one day's sojourn has, therefore, been received with unusual satisfaction, and not without substantial cause, for it is universally admitted the city has rarely been so full of visitors—the great majority doubtless attracted by the presence of the Court. The sun, obscured for many days, broke through the clouds this morning, as if in honour of the Queen's presence."

Now for the Queen, who is only a Queen in name. We read in the *Times*:—

"The ex-Queen of Oude and the heir apparent, together with their entire suite, suddenly left Southampton last night (Aug. 30th) for London by special train. It was not until the middle of yesterday it became known that the departure of this illustrious family was so near, as the time of their intended removal was carefully concealed to prevent, if possible, any confusion arising from unaccountable curiosity."

The penny-a-liner, be it observed, is privileged to be as curious and as unwarrantable as he likes. On arriving at the station, "the ladies closely veiled," continues the *Times*, "made their appearance, and were ushered into their carriage, the blinds of which were immediately drawn, the exterior from that moment being carefully guarded. The ladies of the harem, with their heads also entirely covered, next arrived, and were treated in a similar manner. These, however, were less careful of their privacy, for, upon being seated, the curtains which had previously totally excluded them from the gaze of the spectators were slightly opened, their curiosity to witness the excitement which prevailed evidently overcoming a proper compliance with the customs of their race. The King's brother and the heir-apparent, accompanied by an eunuch, occupied a compartment to themselves, and when all had arrived, an intimation was made that the Queen was near at hand. Her Majesty, with the greatest caution, and perfectly secluded from view, had been placed in a carriage at the York Hotel, the large gates of which assisted materially in preventing the obtrusive gaze of the bystanders. At the station, however, matters were different, and Mr. Brandon requested that the platform should be entirely cleared of every person beyond himself and the native attendants. This arrangement Mr. Watkins, the superintendent, very properly declined, and several suggestions were made as to the best way by which her Majesty could be placed in the carriage unpropagated by a single male eye. The removal of the lamp from the roof of the carriage was the first step taken. The curtains of the windows were then carefully examined, and the vehicle containing this curious specimen of Eastern royalty was drawn up at the outer door. The anxiety of the eunuchs and attendants now became intense, and, although one or two attempts were made to force the spectators to retire, the British right of freedom predominated, and the Orientalists were compelled to submit to the customs of the English people. A passage having been made from the entrance door to the carriage, over which a white covering was laid, long strips of calico were brought into requisition, and a row of native servants, having ranged themselves inside the line of spectators, held the drapery at arm's length above their heads, which effectively prevented the people assembled from gaining the most remote glimpses of her Majesty. However, with all this caution, her Majesty did not enter the compartment entirely unperceived, for one or two persons, availing themselves of the opportunity afforded, owing to the attention of the officials being directed to the importance of the proceeding, climbed to the roof of the royal carriage, and by that means witnessed the Queen's progress between the two lines of drapery placed to secure privacy. However, the gratification could not have been very great, as her Majesty was closely veiled."

The Queen, the Princes, and their attendants, in all amounting to one hundred and ten persons, have taken Harley House, in the New-road, as their town residence. It is a detached dwelling, with a small lawn in front, and some trees, and is surrounded with a wall. Formerly, it was tenanted by the Duke of Brunswick.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE COURT.—The Queen and the royal family left Holyrood Palace at a quarter before nine o'clock last Saturday morning, and, escorted by a party of the 5th Dragon Guards, proceeded to St. Margaret's station. They then went by rail to Banchoory, where they lunched; and from that spot the journey was performed in the royal carriages, which were in waiting at the place. The party arrived at Balmoral Castle at a quarter

before seven o'clock. Her Majesty and the Prince, with the Princess Royal and Prince Alfred, paid a visit en route to the Duchess of Kent at Abergeldie Castle.

A FRENCH MOTHER.—A woman has attempted to drown her daughter, who was about ten years of age, by throwing her over the bridge at Neuilly. The child, however, was rescued by a boatman. It appeared that she was illegitimate, and that the mother, being about to marry again, wished to get rid of her, so that the husband might be ignorant of his wife's previous lapse.

FALL OF A HIGH CHIMNEY.—Shortly after five o'clock, p.m., on Thursday week, the colossal chimney attached to the vitriol works of Mr. Jones, at Victoria-quay, facing the Royal Barracks, Dublin, suddenly fell, leveling with their foundations several high walls in its vicinity, and breaking down the greater portion of a long slated shed, but fortunately without doing the slightest personal injury.

THE WEST INDIES.—The islands, according to the last accounts, are for the most part healthy, and genial falls of rain have brought the canes forward with great rapidity, so that they now present a very luxuriant appearance. A severe shock of earthquake was felt at Jamaica on the 30th of July, about five o'clock in the afternoon. The Legislature is prorogued till October. Several immigrants from the Cape Verde Islands have recently arrived in British Guiana; but some difficulty arose from the fact that the expense of bringing them exceeded the amount of bounty paid for the introduction of Portuguese immigrants. The Governor, therefore, sought the advice of the Court of Policy, some of the members of which wished his Excellency to pay the overplus out of the Colonial revenue; but the Governor declined to incur such a responsibility without the authority of the Combined Court. Finally, after much discussion, it was resolved that the bounty should be raised to fifty dollars, on condition that the immigrants should be indentured for five years, the same as the Coolie immigrants, but reserving to them the right, if they thought proper, of terminating the engagement at the end of three years, on condition that they paid the sum of twenty dollars. Much dissatisfaction is felt at the regulations, with respect to immigration, of the Land and Emigration Commissioners, who only allow a small number of colonists to be conveyed in the same ship. The French system is pointed out as being much better, and surprise is expressed at the fact of several British subjects having been imported through private agency from British India to the French settlement of Pondicherry.—*Demerara* is suffering from an insect plague.

"A kind of caterpillar," says a West Indian paper, "has appeared in the colony in vast numbers, and is rapidly destroying all kinds of vegetation; even the grass is devoured by them, and the foliage of trees and plants soon disappears when they attack it, leaving nothing but the bare stems and branches. They have also commenced on the canes, and have consequently created great uneasiness on account of their devastations."

CLERICAL DISTRESS.—Another letter from "A Curate" appears in the *Times* of Monday, with reference to the case of the poor clergyman whose starving condition he brought before the notice of the public in the course of last week. The writer, in his present communication, meets some of the objections of the other correspondent of the *Times* on the same subject—"An Incumbent." He says he had even over-stated the poor man's stipend: it is 60*l.* a year—not 80*l.* The appeal to the benevolence of the public has been answered; subscriptions are now coming in; and the whole case has been laid before the Bishop of the diocese. The "Curate" further remarks:—"I am sorry to add that this case is not an isolated one. There are not less than five thousand curates with only 80*l.* a year, and at least six thousand incumbents with less than 200*l.* a year. The writer of this letter is but a poor curate, 'passing rich on 60*l.* a year, with rent and taxes clear,' and a married man with five children. For eleven years has he laboured on this poor pittance, and, should his health fail, others will have to appeal for him, as he now appeals for his sick brother in the Ministry. His neighbour, the Dissenting minister, has 400*l.* per annum." In a further communication the "Curate" says:—"I have received a letter from the Bishop of the diocese. His lordship informs me that the curate entered into an agreement with the vicar to accept a less salary than the act of Parliament appoints if he would let him have the curacy. The Bishop required the vicar to pay the legal salary; but the curate, when he found himself in pecuniary difficulties, preferred resigning the curacy rather than break a previous agreement he had originally entered into with the vicar. Pending the Bishop's correspondence with him his health failed."

THE WELLINGTON STATUE AT MANCHESTER was inaugurated on Saturday. It stands in front of the Royal Infirmary, close by the statue of Sir Robert Peel; it is a full length bronze figure, thirteen feet high, standing on a pedestal nineteen feet high, and is designed by Mr. Noble. Figures of Valour, Wisdom, Victory, and Peace, stand at the four angles. The Duke himself is represented as a senator. The ceremony of inauguration drew together an immense concourse of people. The mayor and corporation walked in procession from the Town-hall to the Infirmary, accompanied by the Bishop of Manchester and the principal subscribers to the statue, which has cost about 7000*l.* Lieutenant-General Sir Harry

Smith and his staff were also present, with troops of the 7th Dragoon Guards and 25th Infantry, to aid the police in keeping the lines.

OPENING OF THE ADDERLEY-PARK, NEAR BIRMINGHAM.—On Saturday, the land recently appropriated by Mr. Adderley, M.P., in the neighbourhood of Saltley, as a 'people's park,' was, for the first time, thrown open for that purpose, when the occasion was celebrated by a dinner and other appropriate festivities. At the dinner, Mr. Adderley explained that his sole object in giving the park was to bestow on the working classes a healthy locality in which they and their families might enjoy the benefits of fresh air and exercise. The affairs of the park, he observed, were now managed by a committee of operatives; but, as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers was obtained to defray the small amount of annual expenses which would be necessarily incurred, a committee from among the subscribers would be appointed, and he would then convey over the land in perpetuity upon a mere nominal rental. The evening concluded with cricket, dancing, and music.

THE LATE SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.—The remains of the Hon. Sir William Temple, K.C.B., the only brother of Viscount Palmerston, were brought from London to Romsey on Friday week in a hearse. On Saturday, the body was consigned to its last resting-place, under the west window of the Abbey Church, in a vault in which eight members of the Palmerston family repose. The coffin, surrounded by powdered charcoal, has been bricked in, and a small tubular shaft projected from the vault, through the wall, to the outside. The funeral was private. Only ten of the family and friends attended. Viscount Palmerston was chief mourner.

DEFALCATION OF AN INCOME-TAX COLLECTOR.—The commissioners of income and property-tax for Blackburn, after an investigation, have suspended and arrested Mr. W. B. Illingworth, the collector of the income and property taxes for the borough. The defalcations of this officer amount to upwards of 1000*l.* He was lodged in Lancaster Castle. The sureties will almost cover the entire loss.—*Manchester Examiner.*

POISONING FOXES BY STRYCHNINE.—According to a case reported by the *Bucks Herald*, several foxes have recently been killed by strychnine, laid about in the fields in the neighbourhood of Liscombe. Some valuable dogs have also been poisoned by eating of the meat placed about for the foxes.

A CANDIDATE FOR POOR-LAW RELIEF.—At the last meeting of the Wortley Board of Guardians, application for relief was made by a woman who stated that her first husband had enlisted for a soldier and deserted her; that her second husband was dead, her third lost, and her fourth in prison. The applicant was only thirty-seven years of age, and has three children.

THE CLIMATE OF DARIEN.—Dr. MacDermot has published a statement, to the effect that the climate of Darien, where he has been staying, is by no means unhealthy.

CLERICAL DIFFICULTIES IN CLERKENWELL.—The Bishop of London has sequestered the living of St. James's, Clerkenwell, and the inhabitants are in a state of considerable difficulty in reference to the appointment of an incumbent in the room of the late Rev. W. E. L. Faulkner, who died a few weeks since. The living, which has always been in the gift of the parishioners, was to be contended for in the usual manner, when it was suggested that, by Sir Benjamin Hall's new act, the election was taken out of the hands of the parishioners as a body, and confided to the recently elected vestry. At the last election, which took place in 1839, there was all the excitement of a political contest. Bands of music were sent through the streets, committee-rooms were opened at public-houses, the candidates made their speeches at taverns, and the clergyman's hat was carried about to collect for the expenses. As regards the present election, the churchwardens cannot make up their minds how to proceed, and the whole of the circumstances have been submitted to Sir Fitzroy Kelly, who has been requested to state whether the election is vested in the ratepayers or in the Local Management Board. The living is worth about 300*l.* a year.

LORD BELPER.—An address of congratulation on his elevation to the peerage has been presented to Lord Belper by the members of the Derby Mechanics' Institution; and his Lordship has replied in a letter full of kindness and good feeling.

THE CONVICT ESTABLISHMENT AT WOOLWICH has been entirely broken up during the week, and the whole of the convicts, numbering upwards of 1100, are removed to the new convict prison at Chatham.

THE CAPE.—By the last advices from the Cape of Good Hope, we learn that the Caffres are quite tranquil in outward appearance, and it is said that the news of the emigration to the frontier of 10,000 of the British German Legion has been received by them with considerable dismay. Moshesh, the great chief, has declared that if they come he shall at once go further afield.

THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND'S PRIZES.—The district around Stanwick Park, the seat of the Duke of Northumberland, in North Yorkshire, was last week the scene of competition for prizes given by his grace for the best managed farms on the Stanwick and neighbouring estates. These prizes were originated last year, and consisted of one of 30*l.* for the best managed farm exceeding two hundred acres, and one of 15*l.* for a farm

not exceeding two hundred acres but more than twenty acres.

THE DISPUTE WITH PERSIA.—Ferouthé-Khan, the Persian Ambassador at Paris, is to proceed to London to terminate the Anglo-Persian dispute, by offering full satisfaction to England, on condition that the English Government will recall Mr. Murray.

THE STOCKS have been again resorted to as a punishment for drunkards at Tettenhall, near Wolverhampton. The good sense and good taste of this revival are more than questionable.

A CONTRAST.—A Dissenting minister in Wales, who is threatened with a seizure for church-rates, writes:—"I preach every Sabbath to eight or nine hundred colliers, miners, and labourers, and they willingly contribute about one hundred pounds a year towards my support. The rector reads a sermon to some ten or fifteen persons every Sabbath, and receives six or seven hundred pounds a year for his services; and yet it seems that I must be prosecuted for not supporting his cause. This is rather a hard case!"—*Liberator.*

FIRE.—Some premises at Peckham, occupied by Mr. Burt, waterproof clothing manufacturer, were burnt down on Sunday afternoon. The edifice was chiefly of timber, which, together with the inflammable contents, fed the flames to such an extent that, notwithstanding an excellent supply of water, derived from the Grand Surrey Canal, on the banks of which the building stood, the fire was not extinguished till the factory was nearly consumed. The loss, which is very considerable, will fall on the Imperial Fire Office.

SUICIDE.—A very extraordinary and shocking suicide has been committed by a girl, thirteen years old, at Wike, near Manchester. Her father (a labourer), beat her with a leather strap for telling a falsehood, which so affected her mind, that she threw herself down a coal-pit, sixty-four yards deep.

AN HISTORICAL TREE.—The famous "Charter Oak" at Hartford, Connecticut, fell on the 21st ult. with a tremendous crash, leaving only about six feet of the stump. This tree was far past its prime when the charter was concealed in it on the 9th of May, 1689, and was probably an old tree when Columbus discovered the New world.

MR. ROEBUCK AND HIS CONSTITUENTS.—Mr. Roebuck has been presented by his constituents at Sheffield with one thousand guineas. The residue of the public subscription is to purchase a portrait of the honourable member, to be placed in some public hall in Sheffield. On Wednesday evening the presentation took place. The Music Hall was crowded in every part. At half-past seven o'clock, the Mayor came upon the platform, accompanied by Mr. Roebuck, who was received with protracted cheers. After some introductory observations by the Mayor, Mr. Roebuck addressed the auditory in a speech of which the more remarkable passages were as follow:—"When I began political life, all the world was alive about the Reform Bill; and I recollect being carried, as it were, upon this shoulders of the people, in opposition both to Whigs and Tories, upon that occasion. But now, if an angel of light were to come down with reform in his hand, the people of this country would turn from him, not with disgust, but with apathy, and would say, 'That is not what we desire on the present occasion.' What is it, then, you do require? I will tell you what you require. You have seen England within the last few years engaged in a fierce struggle with one of the greatest Powers of Europe. You have sent from your shores an army of gallant men, such as England never sent from its shores before (*cheers*). That army, you have heard—for you did not see—that army was suffered to dwindle away after victory such as usually distinguishes English soldiers. You heard that there came upon that army all the evils of climate, of want, and of misery. I ask you why did this occur? I will tell you why. Because the Government of this country was composed of men sought for only in the ranks of the parties of the State. The aristocracy of this country govern this country. I think they govern it ill (*cheering*). Now I say, what you desire is to see that all the powers of the State be well administered (*hear, hear*). You cannot effect this but through the House of Commons. Some time ago when the Administrative Reform Association were collected together, there was a belief that they could obtain their end without at all affecting the House of Commons. I, who have passed my life in that House, who have seen its influence upon the Government of this country, believe that nothing can be done but through it. Well, then, we must begin with you. It is not simply in the House of Commons—it is in the constituency of this kingdom—that we must begin." Mr. Roebuck also referred to the despotisms now overshadowing Europe, and said he believed the present stillness betokens that we are on the eve of great and wonderful changes, to be effected by means of revolution.

THE ROYAL MONUMENTS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.—A process for preserving these relics of old times has been applied by Mr. Scott, architect to the Abbey. A very weak resinous solution of spirits of wine has been injected into the decayed parts by means of a gardener's syringe, perforated with numerous fine holes, which emit such slight and gentle streams that, although the stone is penetrated to a considerable depth, and thus rendered quite firm, the loose scales hanging on the surface are

not removed, and the venerable appearance of the monuments remains. This operation was repeated several times, and finally there was an injection of pure spirits, to remove any gloss that might have been given to the stone. Such parts as had scaled off have been carefully fastened on again by means of strong shell-lac cement, applied with a pencil. The effect of the operations is highly commended by the *Builder*, which states that the tone of colour is hardly altered.

STABBING.—A man named Bell is in custody at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, on a charge of stabbing with a knife an acquaintance with whom he had had a quarrel, and at whose head he had previously thrown a glass.

THE MARLBOROUGH FREE LIBRARY.—This useful institution is in want of funds, and unless the public come forward in its support, it will be impossible to carry it on beyond the present year. Some gentlemen have formed themselves into a special committee for rescuing, if possible, a library which has not merely a reading-room on the spot, but which lends out books to its subscribers, who are members of the working class, and who, though frequently availing themselves of the privilege, have never once abused it. We trust that the efforts of these gentlemen will succeed.

EMBEZZLEMENT BY A CORPORATION OFFICIAL.—At a recent meeting of the Liverpool town-council, it was reported that defalcations had been discovered in the accounts of Mr. Beggs, collector of dock-rates, to the amount of 140*l*. Beggs was dangerously ill from cholera, and was not expected to recover.

MADEIRA.—The cholera in Madeira is decreasing.

RIOTS AT PRESTON.—Some serious disturbances, owing to quarrels between the English and Irish labourers, have taken place at Preston; but the ringleaders have been arrested, and the town is again quiet.

WEST HARTLEPOOL AGAIN.—Another disgraceful scene has occurred at the notorious West Hartlepool Church. A funeral was to take place in the grounds of the cemetery on Sunday last, and, as incumbent of West Hartlepool and chaplain of the cemetery, Mr. Burges of course considered it his duty to officiate. He went to the cemetery, therefore, for the purpose of exercising his proper ministerial office, when, just before reaching the place of burial, he saw Mr. Jackson and his son, Mr. W. Jackson, hastening to the spot. By these persons he was fastened into the keeper's lodge, and, when he endeavoured to force his way out, was dashed back. He was detained in the lodge about twenty minutes, when the people, becoming excited, appeared determined to take out the window. They expressed themselves very indignant at his detention. He desired that they would not take out the window; and Mr. Jackson, fearing that probably some disturbance would arise, told Mr. Burges that, if he would take off his surplice, he would let him out. Mr. Burges replied, that Mr. Jackson had no right whatever to detain him, and that he would not take off the surplice, as he had put it on for the performance of the usual service of the Church. Shortly afterwards, the Rev. Mr. Ridley, Vicar of Stanton, came up, and then Mr. Jackson, handing him a surplice out of the lodge, desired him to put it on and do duty. Mr. Burges again attempted to get out, but was again pushed back. At length, rather than continue so disgraceful a scene, Mr. Burges told Mr. Ridley he would give way, and that he might bury the child; only he did not resign his right to do the duty, and should protest in presence of the people. He was then let out of the lodge, and when outside the door protested. Mr. Ridley and Mr. Jackson entered the cemetery, and Mr. Ridley got into the reading-desk, Mr. Jackson standing near him. The father of the deceased child thereupon took up the coffin, and left the church with it, greatly excited, and declared that a knife should be put through his heart before he allowed Mr. Ridley to do duty over his child. Mr. Burges having taken off his surplice, was about turning away from the cemetery when Mr. Jackson called out to him to return, and Mr. Ridley said, "Mr. Burges, I will give you leave to read the service." Mr. Burges said he would not do so on Mr. Ridley's permission; if he undertook the duty, he would do it as his own. Mr. Ridley then hurried him into the room, and told him to take the surplice he (Mr. Ridley) then had, and also the book. The sexton of the church interfered, and brought Mr. Burges his own surplice, in which the rev. gentleman went to the grave and buried the child. Mr. Jackson and Mr. Ridley turned away from the cemetery, the people hooting them a considerable distance.

Postscript.

LEADER OFFICE, Saturday, September 6.
AMERICA.

On the reassembling of the Senate on the 21st ult., a message from the President, setting forth the urgency of the Appropriation Bill, was read; and on the following day the Army Bill was received from the House and found to have the Kansas proviso still annexed. The Senate was in no humour to discuss the matter anew, and, proceeding to the vote, struck out the proviso and passed the bill by a majority of 35 to 7. The Senate then adjourned.

The House of Representatives meeting also on the 21st, the Army Bill, precisely the same as when lost in the former session (Monday), including the Kansas restrictive proviso, was reported from the committee of the whole, and passed by 93 against 85. On the following day, the House received a message from the Senate relative to its action on the Army Bill. The question was taken on the striking out, and was lost by yeas, 94; nays, 92. Mr. Campbell moved to reconsider the vote, and lay that motion on the table. This was carried by a majority of two. Mr. Campbell then moved that the House insist on their proviso, and ask a committee of conference. The motion was lost by a majority of three. Mr. Cobb moved that the House recede. This was lost by 94 against 96. Mr. Washburne moved that the House adhere to its disagreement. His motion was agreed to by 97 against 93. Mr. Washburne moved to reconsider the vote by which the House adhered to its proviso, and to lay that motion on the table. Motion carried by one majority.

General Cass has declared his deliberate opinion that "the days of the Republic are numbered." The prospect of passing the Army Appropriation Bill is now considered hopeless.

SPAIN.

DISSOLUTION OF THE CORTES.

The *Gazette* publishes a decree dissolving the Constituent Cortes. Another royal decree accepts the resignation of M. Corradi, Minister of Spain at Lisbon.

RUSSIA.

The Minister of Finance has been authorized to issue three new series of paper-money, amounting to nine millions of silver roubles.

THE BRITISH BANK.

The excitement created by the closing of this bank continues. Crowds block up the approaches to the establishment, and it has been found necessary to place policemen on the spot, to keep a path clear for passengers. A large number of depositors and shareholders (says the *Times*), who had met at the bank without concert, endeavoured, with the aid of the directors, to ascertain their real position, and it was agreed among some of the principal depositors that they would themselves consent to wait six months, and would recommend their fellow claimants to do the same if any security could be given that the shareholders would supply sufficient funds to reopen the establishment and to insure payment at the end of that period. Mr. Coleman, the accountant, has been called in, and a statement of affairs is immediately to be prepared, which will be submitted to a general meeting on the 20th inst. It appears that the amount sunk in the Cefn iron and coal works, in Glamorganshire, exceeds 100,000*l*. (the original loss having been 25,000*l*); that advances have been made to former directors and to the late manager which will probably involve deficiencies of more than 50,000*l*; and that bills of Mr. Edward Oliver, of Liverpool, and bonds of the Westminster Improvement Commission, are still among the assets.

THE FALL OF A HOUSE.—INQUEST ON THE BODIES.

An inquest on the bodies of the four persons killed by the falling of a house in Little Swan-alley was held yesterday (Friday). The facts given in evidence were mainly the same as those which appear in another part of our, this day's, impression; but some shocking particulars in the testimony of James Frederick King must be added. He said:—"The first complaint he had made since Mr. Crane had been the landlord was about a week before the house fell. The windows had frames, but most of the glass was gone. Crane said that if they wanted the glass put in they must do it themselves, as they took the rooms with the glass out. Witness had a large family, and could not afford to put the glass in, so that he was obliged to patch them up. When he took the room the glass was out. The floor was thoroughly eaten away; the worms crawled in and out; and last week he fell in three times. He pointed that out to Crane, who said, 'Well, you must make the best of it.' He did not hear any cracking noise until just prior to the house falling down, and he then thought it was a violent shower of hail. Crane came for the rent (eighteen-pence) last Sunday morning, and witness, not having any work, could not pay him. Crane said 'Well, if you don't pay, you know the consequence,' and went away."

The jury, after deliberating twenty minutes, returned a verdict of Accidental Death, accompanied by the following recommendation:—"The jury earnestly recommend to the Commissioners of Sewers that they would authorise a special survey forthwith to be made of all buildings in the City of London, that from age, or other causes, may be supposed to be out of substantial repair." The inquiry lasted from eleven o'clock till half-past four.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Return of admissions for six days ending Friday, September 5th, 1856.—Number admitted, including season ticket holders, 58,783.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

It is impossible to acknowledge the mass of letters we receive. Their insertion is often delayed, owing to a want of matter; and when omitted it is frequently from reasons quite independent of their merits.

We do not undertake to return rejected communications.

No notice can be taken of anonymous correspondence. Whatever is intended for insertion must be authenticated by the name and address of the writer; not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of his good faith.

The Leader.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1856.

Public Affairs.

There is nothing so revolutionary, because there is nothing so unnatural and convulsive, as the strain to keep things fixed when all the world is by the very law of its creation in eternal progress.—*DR. ARNOLD.*

THE DEAD-LOCK IN AMERICA.

PUBLIC business is at a dead-lock in the United States, and Englishmen are railing at the Americans as if they enjoyed the fun of the fix in which the republicans are placed. We have already stated the facts amongst our American news. The antecedent history of the affair may for our present purpose be told in very few words. Some years ago the leading statesmen of America agreed to pass a variety of measures which were intended to establish the *status quo* in matters of Slavery. The most conspicuous of these measures were an agreement that no Slave state should be established north of a particular line, the Slave states having the power of extending south of that line. The purpose of this was to prevent either interest—the Free-state interest or the Slave-state interest—from stealing the preponderancy. Another law consisted of an agreement that if the slaves of one state should escape into another, the authorities of the former state should have power to pursue the slave and recapture him. This was again an endeavour to perpetuate the *status quo*. The leading men who assented to these measures were not all of them warm either in favour of abolition or in favour of maintaining slavery. A number of them, we know, desired that the institution should be deliberately discussed and, if possible, gradually displaced. The most conspicuous man of this important party was HENRY CLAY, who is well known to have suggested that a law should be passed by the several Slave states themselves, fixing the day after which all children born should be free, and in the meanwhile making arrangements gradually to provide for the Blacks thus emancipated. Recently, however, the Slave states thought that they could obtain an advantage, and that they could establish a Slave state north of the Missouri compromise line in Kansas.

Ostensibly, Kansas was to choose whether she would or would not establish slavery, which is quite consistent with the genius of American institutions; but endeavours were made to people the new territory with men of the Slave-holding classes. On the other hand, Free-soilers rushed in, and took up lands. There were in fact two rival peoples—a free people and a slave-owning people—established within the same territory, with rival governments, rival militia, conflicts of laws, of acts. There were two states in one territory. Positive fighting ensued; and it was with that illustration that the proposed Kansas "constitution" came before Congress for debate.

Both parties tried to obtain such a form of

the foundation document as should favour their own particular views; and should thus, although not positively decreasing the decision, yet impede the one decision and facilitate the other. The slavery party is stronger in the Senate than it is in the House of Representatives, for the obvious reason that the states are represented in the Senate, and that the great bulk of the people is more proportionately represented in the House of Representatives. The two bodies, therefore, are naturally at issue—the House for the free soil, the Senate for a 'free choice' in Kansas, meaning a slave choice. The House passes bills for the appropriation of the public moneys—that is, bills granting moneys as we should call them here—on conditions which tend to secure freedom in Kansas. The Senate cuts off those conditions; the House reannexes them; and in that state of inexorable dispute the session of Congress is terminated by the date of the day according to law. Congress has separated without granting the public moneys necessary for the maintenance of the public service. This is the dead-lock at which English politicians are laughing. Their exultation, however, shows at once their ignorance, their short memory, and a foresight as short.

We have had exactly the same kind of contest in this country. We need not go further back than the Reform Bill time, when the House of Commons, under the pressure of a distinct and palpable necessity, persevered in passing a measure which the House of Lords, under the pressure of an overruling superstition, and an arrogant presumption of its own power to arrest the progress of events, as obstinately rejected. The question of a constitutional reform was not less important than that of slavery. It was in some respects more calculated to change the political condition of the English people; but it certainly did not search so deeply into the social state of a large part of the United Kingdom. It infringed the established feelings, the supposed rights and privileges of an important class, the class of the oldest birth in the community; as the slavery question touches the privileges and position of the class most resembling an aristocracy in the Union. The Crown, advised by its public servants, referred the question to the constituencies. In America, all questions are constantly and periodically before the constituencies, and there is not the same power of reference. The President has resorted to another expedient. Exercising a power vested in him for extraordinary emergencies, he has summoned an extraordinary session of the Congress, to begin sitting immediately after the termination of the session, by the force of a standing law. In other words, he has told the Congress that they must go on with their debates, until they can manage to agree upon the business necessary to be transacted. Congress, therefore, reassembles, notwithstanding the reluctance of individual members to continue in the capital of the Union during vacation time. Again the Englishman chuckles.

To us there is nothing so agreeable in the spectacle of a community unable to conduct its own affairs peaceably, that it can dispose us to merriment. If we were to imagine a failure of the American constitution at the present day, we should foresee a disaster that must involve half of our own commerce in confusion, and deprive Great Britain of much moral weight in Europe, by removing from the civilized world that great Republican state between whose extreme Liberalism and the centralization of Europe England finds an equipoise.

But there will be no failure. Those who chuckle look only to the present day, or to the objects before their eyes, forgetting what is behind. We must remember that the Government at Washington, necessary as it is to regulate certain proceedings, is not essentially necessary to any one of the score-and-a-half of states, all of whom have their Governments quite efficient within their own territories, and capable in some degree of carrying on the business that would otherwise be conducted by the Federal Government.

But, as in our own country, all questions will ultimately be determined by the constituencies. Indeed, this reference is more complete than with us, not only because the suffrage is coextensive with the resident male population, but because the great body of the citizens are more in the habit of managing their own affairs for themselves. It is here that the true stability of the Union lies. In America the sovereignty of the people is not only a theoretical principle, or a toast at public dinners, but it is a fact. Public questions, therefore, are determined by that which proves after all to be the abiding and dominant conviction of the great body of the people. Here is the safety, here is the hope,—the power of firmly establishing the law of the present day consistently with repealing it to re-establish the law of the future. Some years ago, much perplexed by the intricate and difficult subject of Slavery, which sectarian and alien agitators had rendered more perplexed and dangerous than it is in its own nature, the sovereign people of the United States, advised by its best men, determined that the question should to a certain extent be referred to time, and that in the meanwhile the *status quo* should be distinctly affirmed. The Slave states were not content to accept the guarantee thus offered to them; they encroached upon the territory of the opposite party; they broke the compromise; they violated the treaty. The consequence is that the whole question is flung open; the political conflict has been used by political adventurers. There is a gigantic *scandale*. Congress has not received its instructions from the sovereign people. The President is bewildered in the conflict of popular tides; the authorities of the Union are perfectly incompetent to deal with the question as it is now agitated before them—they only want to get through; while the different parties in the Presidential election increase the hubbub by each endeavouring to turn the crisis to his own advantage, and the disadvantage of opponents. But whatever may be the chatter, the jargon, the uproar of the day, there is a deep conviction gradually forming in the minds of the American citizens; and sooner or later, before many years are passed over, that conviction will find its way into the shape of a distinct law upon the subject. What that law is to be, we do not venture to affirm; we only say that no temporary agitation can depose the American sovereign, consisting of so many millions of courageous, independent, public spirited men. And after the small delay, which the defects inherent in all human institutions interpose, the decree of the sovereign will be registered by an obedient Congress. In the meanwhile, discreet men, who love their country, will do the best they can to maintain the peace of the Union; to carry on its business without hindrance or loss; and to preserve its influence abroad during the hubbub. During the interregnum, the electors will, if they are wise, look less to extreme opinions or foregone conclusion, than to the experience, the discretion, and the fidelity of those public servants whom it wants for the immediate purposes of the day.

THE CONSOLATIONS OF CAYENNE.

For a long time the political prisoners at Cayenne were represented as a horde of bloodthirsty desperadoes, bent on the destruction of society. In addition to their chains they wore that stigma. Imperialist writers in France affected towards these state criminals a more pitiless austerity than towards ordinary felons and malefactors, and English journalism took the tint of the French. Not only were the prisoners dragged to a horrible exile; they were abandoned by human sympathy, or at least by all but the sympathy of those men, the conscience of a state, who refused to be fascinated by immoral triumphs, or by illegal power. The incendiaries, enemies of order, Socialist malcontents, incorrigible conspirators, were left to their fate, and London thronged around the chariot-wheels of NAPOLEON precisely as Moscow will throng around the Czar.

But now, the necessity of adulation appearing to be past, justice is done, and the political antagonists of LOUIS NAPOLEON are restored to the good opinion of Europe. So profoundly had they been forgotten, that their very existence has seemed a discovery. We are told by the *Times*, that among the remaining colonies of France is a tract of that uncultivated region of the South American coast known as Guiana, situated almost under the Equator: a fiery sun burns upon sluggish rivers, muddy shores, thick swampy forests, jungles, and masses of festering vegetation—"one of the most fatal regions of the earth." The land swarms with poisonous and disgusting reptiles, insects and vermin, and in the most poisonous and disgusting district of the whole, "a vast number" of French citizens have been confined for several years. The British Government, in its worst period, never treated homicides or burglars with the severity that has been applied to these unfortunate men. When Botany Bay was selected as a penal settlement, it was recommended as a 'healthy' station. Yet to the members of various political parties—Bourbonists, Orleanists, Republicans—this territory, brooded over by death and 'hideous misery,' was assigned as a place of exile. All attempts to soften the picture have broken down; the correspondent at Paris, who now takes his inspirations from police-offices, himself, in 1852, expressed his abhorrence of the merciless spirit displayed by the courts-martial of December. The subject admits of no doubt. Nor is it less unquestionable that these Frenchmen are forced to labour amidst marshy forests, or blistered rocks, flogged upon the slightest pretence, insufficiently fed and clothed, and loaded with cannon-balls attached to their ankles. Among them are men of letters, artists, barristers, physicians. Whatever may be urged to discredit the charge, the astonished writer in the *Times* suggests a proper answer: "When we say Cayenne, we say everything."

We need not apologize for recurring to this subject. If we pity FRANKLIN perishing amidst the Polar desolations, shall we not much more pity these unhappy men punished for no crimes whatever? We have been furnished with an unexpected justification of all we have written since the *coup d'état*. There are no CATILINES at Cayenne—the CATILINE is at the Tuileries. The exiles are men "conquered in a political strife," and "guilty only because they were unsuccessful." It follows that LOUIS NAPOLEON is innocent only because he succeeded—that being the moral measure of the age. But when it is suggested that the defeated politicians stood on a moral equality with their antagonists, a direct contradiction is unavoidable. A man

started by the announcement of treason at the seat of Government, rushing to the defence of the laws, protesting, in concert with the highest courts of justice, against the violation of the constitution, insisting that the chief magistrate shall observe his oath, *does not* stand on a moral equality with men who bribe the army, perjure themselves for the sake of power, raise the sword above the law, and celebrate their achievements by gratuitous massacres and acts of cruelty. There is no equality in the case; indeed, that is a necessary inference from the journalist's own admission, "they had the right on their side." They were Conservatives resisting the violent overturning of every public institution; and a lingering death in the case of many, and five years of misery in the case of all, have been the penalties of their "few hours of resistance."

What we must particularly point attention to, is the fact that these men have been studiously maligning by the apologists of the BONAPARTE usurpation ever since the *coup d'état* of December. The appeal that has been made is an act, not of mercy, but of common justice. The public now knows that LOUIS NAPOLEON attains his political ends by means exactly identical with those by which the King of NAPLES attains *his*, or the Emperor of AUSTRIA *his*, and that these three confederates urge the same plea—the necessity of protecting society. It is the necessity of protecting society that causes a sentence of death to be passed upon five French citizens, a long time after the commission of the offence imputed to them. It is this necessity that justifies the Russian process—lately learned at Paris—of kidnapping suspected individuals by night, and transporting them on one hand to the cold but healthy settlements of Siberia, on the other to a spot more fatal to the European constitution than Cape Coast Castle. However, if any glimpse of Europe ever reach the political exiles at Cayenne, they will now learn that public opinion in England has been taught by leading authorities to regard them as prisoners of war, who failed in a just cause; who, suffering for no crime, must be counted among martyrs, and who have more right to be in Paris than the Emperor of the FRENCH himself. That has been the result of their appeal through M. LOUIS BLANC to the humanity of Europe. More cannot be expected. Our intercessions being repulsed at Naples, we shall, probably, lay aside, for a time, our official sympathies.

But the exiles, if they carry their reflections further, will not find much to console them. Suppose that the Russian war had continued, and that we had been dragged into new adventures by our military ally, who would have heard of Cayenne? Who heard of it last year, except through our columns? for it was *then* untimely to remember the hideous scene of revenge exhibited permanently in the galley settlements of Guiana. Had the fever of flattery lasted seven years, the political *détenus* might have worn their chains, and suffered the scourge, and our journalists would not have presumed to notice them. There is no forgetfulness like that of admiration, especially when the object to be admired is powerful, and appears to use his power in our behalf. But let us rejoice that there is justice of sentiment at last, and believe it, by all means, sincere. Only, we wonder of what use, to the future historian of our times, will be the leading articles of leading journals!

LANCASHIRE ORATORY, OR THE SCHOOLMASTER WANTED IN THE NORTH.

It would not be fair to expect a very high state of intellectual culture among business

men. It is true that things are better in this respect than they used to be, and it is not an uncommon occurrence to find here and there merchants and manufacturers having a very considerable acquaintance with the liberal arts, and who prove, by the manner in which they expend the princely fortunes which their industry and energy create, that they know something about matters of greater worth and nobility than watching the turn of the market and carrying out an operation in yarns. Some of the most liberal and enlightened patrons of art of whom this country can boast are to be found among the business men of Lancashire and the Midland Counties. There is the present Lord BELPER, for instance, late Mr. STRUTT, a manufacturer from his youth, but whose family has long been known for its connexion with the intellectual improvement of the people in their neighbourhood; there are the GLADSTONES of Liverpool, the YATESES, the SANDBACHS; in Manchester, we find such names as BAZLEY, WHITWORTH, FAIRBAIRN; all these names are borne by persons who may be placed in the very first rank wherever culture, liberality, and honour entitle men to precedence. Everywhere in the business community we may discover men whose superior intelligence, fructified by good education and ripened experience, gives them a considerable amount of influence among their fellows.

Unhappily, however, this is by no means universally the case; on the contrary, we fear that it is exceedingly exceptional. For one man of cultivation and intelligence (we speak, of course, of intelligence not exclusively commercial) you will find fifty who are the very reverse of this—men who recognize no higher pursuit than money getting, and who despise every accomplishment that does not directly lead to that end. This is so true, that among some of the business classes the possession of great accomplishments, unless allied to the possession of great wealth, will bring a man into great contempt among his fellows. "He is a schollard," say they; "thinks unself mightily wise, but give us a man who can make lots o' brass." The Indian who returned to his native state of savagery after acquiring the refinements of civilization, was not looked upon with greater suspicion and contempt than an educated and accomplished gentleman is by certain merchants and manufacturers unless he can also prove the possession of those qualities which they admire only—ability, shrewdness, power of money-making.

Seeing that this is caused by the fact that a very large body of the present business men are persons who have raised themselves from the uneducated or ill-educated classes, it is probable that the evil will be to some extent modified when they pass away and the next generation arises into their place. Young Lancashire is even now a very different sort of a fellow from his father. You would scarcely recognize any similarity between them. The latter smokes his pipe in a pot-house, and boasts of his 'brass' in the coarsest vernacular of his country; but the former has been to Eton, mayhap also to college, dresses like a gentleman, travels a little, and knows a great deal about the fine arts. Altogether he is a much more human creature than his venerable progenitor, who slaps his breeches-pockets with a knowing leer, and says, "Get brass, boy, get brass: honestly if thou canst; but—get brass."

But, in the meantime, and whilst we await that golden time when the insolence of ignorance and the tyranny of vulgarity shall be banished from the counting-house and the mill, it is interesting to reflect how much of the misunderstanding which is constantly arising between the employers and the em-

ployed in our manufacturing districts arises from this want of cultivation on the part of the former. There is a proverb in Lancashire that the biggest tyrant is invariably a master who has once been an operative. No taskmaster like a coarse, vulgar, ignorant fellow, who has had the industry and the shrewdness to rise out of the ranks. Such a man can never control the passions of his operatives, for he never could control his own. He can never reason with them, for he lacks the power; and, when a dispute arises, his only expedient is to defy them, to swear at them, and to tell them that he will grind them into the dust. How can such a man teach his workpeople to understand the laws of political economy, or demonstrate to them the necessity under which he lies of reducing their wages, when he does not know how. He makes the deduction; they come and remonstrate; he is ashamed to confess ignorance, and therefore blusters and refuses flatly to do that which is entirely out of his power—explain; discontent ferments into irritation, harsh words beget harsher reprisals, and a strike is the result, when all might have been calmed by a few plain and logical words delivered in a gentlemanly spirit. It is all very well to say, Educate the operatives; we say, Educate the manufacturers, teach them to be gentlemen if you can, and depend upon it that you will hear very little more about strikes and the like senseless abominations of stupidity. During the last Preston strike and lock-out (that gross piece of folly which cost the community nearly a million sterling) incidents were constantly occurring which proved the total absence of cultivation and of gentlemanly feeling among a large number of the richer disputants. One British slave-driver said that the operatives should be glad to lick the dust from his shoes; another swore roundly that he would 'pitch his mill property into the Atlantic' ere he would give way one jot; many of them talked the direst and most tragic nonsense about 'doing what they liked with their own.' Surely the schoolmaster would have been of service here!

The immediate cause of these observations is the report of a speech lately delivered at the anniversary dinner of the Royal North Lancashire Agricultural Society by a Preston manufacturer, one Mr. GEORGE SMITH. Let it be remembered that this speech was delivered in the presence of a large company of some of the leading men in the county, among whom we may name Lord STANLEY, Sir JAMES KAYE SHUTTLEWORTH, and JAMES HEXWOOD, Esq.; let it also be remembered that the orator is the employer of a large amount of labour in Preston (several hundreds of operatives), and that he was one of those very manufacturers who took part in that huge piece of folly and cruelty called 'The Lock-out.' Let all this be remembered, and our readers will find no difficulty in understanding what we mean when we say that the schoolmaster is sadly wanted in the North. The speech was made in acknowledgment of a toast in honour of 'the town and trade of Preston.'

Mr. George Smith, on rising, said:—"My lord and gentlemen, I was not aware that I should be called to return thanks for the town and trade of Preston; but as I am now to do that which I hope I shall be able to give you sufficient satisfaction, and return thanks for the town which we belong to it. (Hear, hear.) The town is one—(hear, hear)—and the trade is another. The trade is one, which there is two points to be discussed upon. (Applause.) When a clergyman takes his text, he always divides it. (Cheers and laughter.) If we look back to the town of Preston, as my noble friend has stated, which I have had to work in the town along with his father, first at the time when he was the representative of Preston—(laughter)—one of his committee at that time when we sent him from the town as our representative. (Applause.) Look at the different improvements that have taken place ever since then. Look at those great institutions which is now established in Preston, so lately

as that since 1832; look at the improvements in various things connected to the town; look back and you will be astonished; it is with amazement your town has arrived to the present position, as it is at this day. (Cheers.) Though it is an old town, it was granted when the privilege—I just mentioned that your father was our representative, and it is one of those towns which was given in the reign of Edward the Eighth. (Roars of laughter.) I beg pardon; it was one given in the reign of Edward the First. (Applause.) And look at those other towns which had the same privilege granted to them, and draw the comparison betwixt this town. Look at Lancaster, which ought, if properly managed, to be the capital of the world. (Laughter.) When you compare with that privilege, or those privileges which the sovereign gave at that time—compare the prosperity and improvements of the town of Preston. (Cheers.) Look at the difference betwixt those old-fashioned towns and what the town of Preston has arrived to. (Cheers.) What can that be the cause of? It must be from some cause or other that the improvements, and the buildings, and the greatness of the towns has arrived to at this present time. (Cheers.) Now, my lord, there wants the answer [answer]. There is a question to draw a comparison betwixt what will take us near the connexion, connected as we are to Lancaster and Preston. (Cheers.) Here you will go over to Lancaster—you will find Lancaster almost the same as it was twenty years ago. Here, our noble chairman, when his father represented us thirty years ago—look at the difference in the improvements, which has taken place in towns, and draw the comparison. What is the cause of all that? What is the cause of all that? It is the inhabitants—it is the energies of Preston—it is the people of the town which has made those great improvements in the town as it is at the present day. Look back that we had scarcely a church in the town, we had scarcely an institution in the town, we had scarcely (which I have lived in the town near sixty years) scarcely a place to put our heads through to worship that God we are depending upon. Look at the great improvements, at the town what it has arrived to in that way. Now, gentlemen, I have said sufficient about the town; now is the trade. (Laughter.) It is not a very pleasant thing to make a speech at the flag end of a meeting. (Roars of laughter.) I know my friend Colonel Patten knows that very well by experience. (Continued laughter.) Now there is the trade. What would you do without your trade? You have got your town—the town must be made before you can bring your trade; and the town, and the tradesmen of the town, that is the question of those great improvements which we know we are arriving in at the present day.—In the same strain, the speaker plunged into an obscure expatiation on the qualities of the tradesmen of the town, but was precipitated to a conclusion by unmistakable symptoms of impatience. He thus wound up: "May I long live to see my noble friend here; let him come here again, and I shall be happy to return you thanks to the town and trade of Preston." (Laughter and cheers.)

There is no suggestion that the speaker was not perfectly sober when he delivered this extraordinary oracle; indeed, we have no doubt whatever but that upon this occasion the honourable gentleman was quite as logical and as lucid as he ever can be. But let us reflect for one moment upon these two startling facts: firstly, that this quality of intellect is not incompatible with business ability; and secondly, that it is upon such men as these that the welfare of many thousands of our operatives is dependent.

ITALIAN PARTIES.

THE national aspirations of Italy have been developed since the commencement of the present century in several different forms. First, the Carbonari, mystical humanists, spreading from Naples over the peninsula, were sworn to a crusade against the rule of the Popedom and the Stranger, whether in the first or second degrees. Their political plan included the establishment of the Ansonian Republic, distributed into twenty-one provinces, each qualifying a representative in the Central Assembly, and the election of two executive kings, one to assume the administration of home affairs, the other to conduct the business of diplomacy. These kings, with the general body of representatives, would hold their offices for twenty-one years—the masonic combination of three with seven to produce twenty-one being the basis of the arrangement. A scheme of this character was, of course, impracticable; pro-

bably, however, its authors would have assented to any fortuitous result that seemed to promise liberty and peace. The remarkable feature in their programme, however, was this; that while declaring the Papacy irreconcilable with the national life of Italy, they incorporated the Christian faith in their programme, and at first even contemplated offering the Pope the direction of religious affairs.

In 1814, while a Congress of Kings sat at Paris, while NAPOLEON meditated over his defeats, while Prince EUGENE intrigued for an Italian kingdom, the National party announced that, Spain and Germany having thrown off the French yoke, Italy would spurn it also; and some historical critics have avowed their belief that this outcry opened the way to Austrian usurpation. It is true that the National party failed, that it had miscalculated its forces, and misconceived its proper object; it was a sect, not then a nation—and Italy was carved into pieces by the Congress of Vienna. Though no longer Emperor of the Romans—that title no Congress would have dared to revive—the Emperor of AUSTRIA was more powerful than ever in his own Italian dominions, and in the semi-independent states. Centralization, bureaucracy, and police government had been introduced from France. Nothing good had gone out from Paris to Italy.

It is true, also, that all the brilliant hopes which had animated the Italians in their resistance to BONAPARTE were disappointed. England refused to guarantee, against the perjury of the Bourbons, the Sicilian Constitution of 1812. On the contrary, she abandoned Liberalism everywhere. The Carbonari became a proscribed sect. Spies, confessors, anathemas, prisons, and scaffolds constituted the weapons of the Reaction, which armed itself, in addition, with the zeal of the Society of the Holy Faith. Every member of that murderous association was thus sworn: "I swear to have no mercy on any person belonging to the infamous Liberal Society; I swear to have no mercy on old men or children; I swear that I will shed their blood to the last drop, without regard to sex or condition."

This being the new form of power established in the Italian peninsula, several writers have regretted the expulsion of the French, and the destruction of the hopes of EUGENE BEAUHARNAIS. GIUSEPPE MONTANELLI,* in particular, considers that it would have been wise to construct from the wreck of the Napoleonic empire an Italian realm for BEAUHARNAIS, who might have held the peninsula against all invaders. But is Italy for ever to be the sport of foreign dynasties? Can no deliverance arise except beyond the frontier? MONTANELLI is eloquent, and profoundly acquainted with the complex movements of Italian history; and he is forced to admit that the kingdom of Italy had then become impossible. A real National party had arisen, as firmly opposed to French as to Austrian influence, and its principles struck deep roots into the soil. Above the mysticism of the Carbonari rose the virtue of PIERE, the intellect of SANTAROSSA, the eager patriotism of CONFALONIERI. In 1820 the movement was considered ripe; but the Italians had not learned how easily a king may be forsworn. When FERDINAND IV. exclaimed, "Almighty God, who knowest the secrets of all souls, and of the future, smite me this instant with thy thunder, if thou seest that I lie now, or can break my oath hereafter!"—when he uttered with profane emphasis this dreadful oath—the Neapolitans were so simple as to be per-

sued;—for did not the King call Heaven to be his witness, as though he were a President swearing to guard a Republic? He was then preparing for the reception of fifty thousand Austrians to suppress the Constitution.

That was one cause of the alienation of the Italian people from monarchy. The Piedmontese King supplied another, by accepting Austrian aid against the Constitutionalists. Thus was the National party driven at once into an irrevocable feud with The Stranger, and into a tendency towards the old republican aspirations. BERCHET wrote their lyrics; the Carbonari sang them; but for ten years the reaction went on victoriously, and scaffolds and prisons enforced silence throughout the peninsula.

In 1831 a new attempt resulted in a new failure, Austrian bayonets overpowering the whole force of the National party. Then it was that Carbonarism seemed to disappoint the people. They despised its timidity, they almost distrusted its zeal. The chiefs of Young Italy, MAZZINI and GUERAZZI, held forth a popular hope, and the national movement began to take its directions from them. CHARLES ALBERT mounting the Piedmontese throne, they invited him to become the champion of Italy. He rejected and resisted the idea. He was the scourge of the inert insurrection: he planted in the national mind hatred which was never eradicated, and some of his tergiversations are not unnaturally repaid in suspicion to his successor.

Three great developments of the National principle in Italy remain to be studied; but the history of the first alone suffices as an explanation of the schisms that have given strength to The Stranger. The great Liberal party has had its confidence in a monarchy destroyed, yet a large number of Italian patriots refuse to act, except in the service of monarchical traditions. This is the complaint of MAZZINI, and it is a just complaint, for even now GIUSEPPE MONTANELLI is the apologist of Napoleonic intrigue. As long as any Italian, whether a simple political leader or a reigning king, manifests an inclination to reconcile the National with the Bonapartist Idea, the nation, educated by the events of the last forty years, will suspect his propositions and reject his counsels.

THE NIGHTMARE OF THE HEART.

THERE is nothing so ridiculous as the arising of the absurd in the midst of a tragedy; the most painful melancholy is startled at once to a deeper consciousness of itself and to a keener sense of practical wit—the union of remote ideas—when, in the midst of a calamity, it encounters some ludicrous incident. A few days back there were living in Dudley, ANN BARR, the daughter of a tavern-keeper, and JOHN DANCE, the son of another tavern-keeper. The two were cousins. The girl is said to have borne a very high character for conduct as well as disposition. Her cousin was in love with her, but he was not encouraged either by her family or herself. They had been to some extent separated, and not long since, on returning to her, he wrote a letter persisting in the declaration of his affection, and intimating that he hoped for a more cordial return of it. It seems that he was again doomed to disappointment; for the next fact known is, that with two small pistols he first shot her in the face and neck so as to endanger her life, and then shoots himself effectually, dying on the spot. Nothing can be more tragic. Yet, who can read the letter that is left behind him, and refrain from laughter at more than one passage?—

Dear Ann,—I now right to you hoping that it will find you quite well in health as it leaves me at this time. You may think that I had forgotten you, but I have not, nor can I forget those who I have once had the pleasure of folded in my arms, and I think I had the pleasure of

* *Revue de Paris* (July). "Le Parti National Italien: ses Vicissitudes et ses Espérances."

having those in my arms who once loved me, and if they are as true as those who they once sent me word that I had no respect for them, but I only hope that they respect me as much as I respect them, and then I am sure they love me. I have not had the pleasure of kissing those sweet lips of yours lately but I hope I shall once more have that honour.—My dear Ann, I remain yours extreme and affectionate lover,

J. DANCE.

P.S. I have not shown much affection to you as yet, but I hope you will please to forgive me, that I may see you soon, and I shall see those who I love.

There is something exquisitely ludicrous if you read it in the tone that would usually be given to such words, when the young gentleman remarks that he has "not had the pleasure of kissing those sweet lips of yours lately, but I hope I shall once more have that honour." But it is not probable that JOHN DANCE would have uttered those words in the tone which we usually give to them. When he used the word 'honour,' it is clear that he intended to express a deep feeling of respect for the girl whom his relationship, his long acquaintance, his instincts, his esteem for her character made him love the more. Clearly DANCE perceived the qualities of the girl to whom he had thus given his heart. The more frightful, it would seem, that those lips, which in imagination he had appropriated to himself should be appropriated to others; that the return for which he would have paid his existence should be denied to him and granted elsewhere.

There was, of course, a reason for the rejection of the lover, and one is palpable on the face of his own composition. He proved that he preferred love to life; he was a man therefore of strong passions and of vehement, perhaps imperious will; but he laboured under an incapacity of making his strong emotions, his true devotion, intelligible. We can spell out his feeling and intent from his acts and from this crude composition; but without the lurid light thrown upon the letter by the tragedy, we could only have laughed at the foolish style. How much of the incompetency and misery of life lies in the incapacity for working out the ideas or the feelings which are within us. There is no man more accursed than he who carries a giant, whatever the spirit of that giant may be, within the frame of a dwarf—a great passion within the restraints of a petty and a feeble utterance.

It often happens that such natures are rendered more unhappy by the incredulity which they encounter. JOHN DANCE knew his own passion; in his words it became a ludicrous burlesque, and the more he tried to persuade, the less he could be believed. The one thing that might have helped him would have been education; it might have taught him better to word his own autobiography; it might have enlarged his own ideas, and have gifted his suppressed passion with a somewhat enlarged utterance. And even ANNE BARR, enlightened by a broader spread of knowledge, might have learned to see through the moral impediments of speech, and if still rejecting her maladroit suitor, to reject him with that greater recognition of a strong passion that soothes under repulsion.

THE ORTHODOX MOON.

IN these days, probably, we should not burn JOHN HUSS, or refuse Christian burial to GALILEO. Both GALILEO and JOHN HUSS, however, might be exposed to a good deal of impertinent persecution if the one were not a professed ecclesiastic, or the other a professed astronomer. Here is Mr. JELLINGER SYMONS, the Inspector of Schools, who has published an opinion that the moon does not rotate on her axis. With respect to the moon we have nothing to say. We are not certain whether she revolves axially, or orbitally, and have no conviction in favour of

the old or the new hypothesis. All that concerns us is the spirit in which Mr. SYMONS's proposition has been received. He put it originally in the form of an inquiry, and there is certainly little encouragement to speculative investigation in the manner in which his question was answered. A number of persons at once came forward to insult the heretic. Some were savage, others only meant to be witty. Almost all intruded scoffs and mockeries into the discussion. COLUMBUS was not more bitterly jibed at by the councillors of Salamanca. Mr. W. HORKINS, of whom we wish to speak with all respect, talked of his 'scientific horror'—and ridiculed Mr. SYMONS's vanity. Dr. LARDNER, setting an excellent example, admitted that the astronomer's side of the argument stood in need of clearer exposition than it had received, from him or any one else. 'A Cambridge Wrangler,' writing in anonymous supremacy, betrayed a little ignorance, or something worse, by referring Mr. JELLINGER to 'a Mr. SYMONS,' and recommended that gentleman to understand 'subjects taught in school-books.' But the blow from Cambridge was not half so overwhelming as the blast from Lincoln's Inn, where some melancholy dust-eater had sat, five days, plotting a joke, as follows:—"American naturalists tell of a certain owl who had so obstinate a habit of staring, that the sportsman need only engage his attention for a few minutes, and then walk steadily round him, and the deluded victim will quickly wring his own neck and fall a prey to perseverance in his own view of the subject." This conscious jester, signing himself 'Mooncalf,' proceeded to interpret his parable by proposing to Mr. SYMONS the performance of some unintelligible experiment which would "infinitely sprain his wrist, and doom him to dictate to an amanuensis his next answer to the 'science' and 'sarcasms' of the public." Professor T. M. GOODEVE also, we are sorry to say, lost his temper so far as to taunt Mr. SYMONS with 'imperfect education,' and advised him to "retire into a distant part of the country and betake himself vigorously to the study of applied mechanics." A second 'Wrangler' thought it decent to pity the 'ordinary and uninteresting infirmity' of the Inspector of Schools, whom he wittily and witheringly styled the 'patient' of the *Times* newspaper. Even 'Cam,' who exhibited a little seriousness, could not apply himself to the discussion without a preliminary insinuation of disrespect. 'S,' without being flippant or sarcastic, was nervously orthodox, 'Cantabrigiensis' compassionately pert, but 'E. B. D.' composed a number of melancholy commonplaces about demonstrations that would be clear to 'the stupidest boy' in a school, but which were puzzlers to Mr. SYMONS. These letters did not complete the quarrel—for quarrel it became, though the Inspector of Schools, we are bound to say, argued in general with good-humour and moderation. At the recent meeting of the British Association, he was interrupted while reading a paper, some of his opinions raised an uproar, and one reverend gentleman afterwards boasted of having assisted in creating the disturbance because he could not endure to hear his favourite science 'murdered' by Mr. SYMONS.

Now, we conceive this is not the right way to meet an objection on a scientific point, seriously advanced by a man of character, education, and position. Repeating that upon the question at issue we have no opinion to offer, we cannot refrain from an expression of regret that the temper of our times admits of such unseemly treatment bestowed upon a controverted point in astronomy. That the certainty claimed by the large body of astro-

nomers does not exist is proved by the fact that Mr. SYMONS has his partisans among 'scientific men.'

It is the old story. The old spirit of persecution works as it worked in other days. We are—many of us—as bitter against doubters as when orthodoxy was enforced by the whip of the beadle. But is science advanced in this way? Is the Inspector of Schools more easily confuted when 'Mooncalf' hurls at him a silly joke, or when 'A Cambridge Wrangler' displays that sort of dogmatism which, our SCARRON says, is "puppyism come to maturity?" One other consideration may be suggested: What if Mr. SYMONS should be in the right, and the astronomers in the wrong?

Open Council.

(IN THIS DEPARTMENT, AS ALL OPINIONS, HOWEVER EXTREME, ARE ALLOWED AN EXPRESSION, THE EDITOR NECESSARILY HOLDS HIMSELF RESPONSIBLE FOR NONE.)

There is no learned man but will confess he hath much profited by reading controversies, his senses awakened, and his judgment sharpened. If, then, it be profitable for him to read, why should it not, at least, be tolerable for his adversary to write?—MILTON.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY'S NEIGHBOURS.

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

SIR,—Having read your article on the Society for Improving the Dwelling Houses of the Poor, I beg to call your attention, and through you the attention of that benevolent Society, to the Archbishop of Canterbury's neighbourhood. I am sure the people of Vauxhall, South Lambeth, and the Wandsworth-road will be very grateful if you can spare that benevolent Society to work any improvement, this being their only road to town. I have been a resident in Lambeth ten years, and, on reading your article on Clark's-buildings, I went to see if they were as bad as our "back slums." Why, those buildings are Eden compared with the haunts round Lambeth Palace.

High-street, Broad-street, Princess-street, and Fore-street, or the 'back slums,' are all in a line with the river from the Palace-walk to the Vauxhall Station. On leaving Palace-walk, and crossing in front of the church, you come to a little narrow street, full of filthy hovels, nearly windowless, and in some cases doorless, intermixed at the further end with a few factories for crushing old drain-pipes, making soap, baking bricks, &c. This street leads into Broad-street, and into the water if the tide is high; if low, you see the offal that has been left there by the last high water. The effect upon your nose I need not describe. You cross this street, but, before doing so, looking straight before you is Fore-street, the haunt of soap-boilers, bone-crushers, rosin and pitch factors, the various odours from which are of the most horrible description. Look a little to the left—there stands a batch of abominable sheds, for they are not houses. Peep into the passage of either, and the atrocious fumes will tell you how dirty and miserable are the inhabitants within, some of whom may be seen in the morning at the upstairs windows almost naked. A little further to the left you come to Princess-street. Here are more factories, and worse than in any of the others. The stench on entering this street is truly awful. In the summer months disgusting odours breed such quantities of vermin that it is impossible to move without crushing them; and when the wind blows the smoke over the street, great drops of steam from the bone-factories fall in your face. Here are potteries, in which immense furnaces are kept for baking bricks, factories for melting grease, making candles, boiling the grease out of bones, &c. &c. There are also flour-mills, starch-mills, two or three distilleries, and near the end are the large gas-works, opposite which are a few model lodging-houses, which naturally are all but tenantless.

On either side of this street, and in the little courts between the factories, are the dwelling-houses of the poor, all of the same description, but worse, if possible, than those at the end of Broad-street.

Such is the neighbourhood of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who enjoys the pleasure of an open space before his residence. The people that live here are all honest, hardworking people, whose comfort should be seen to.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

ONE OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY'S NEIGHBOURS.

Durham-street, Kennington Oval, Sept. 2, 1856.

Literature.

Critics are not the legislators, but the judges and police of literature. They do not make laws—they interpret and try to enforce them.—*Edinburgh Review*.

SOME people's constancy is never so much tried as when the object of their attachment is made ridiculous: they have heroism enough to share the dignity of persecution, but not enough to share the reputation of absurdity. Yet it is a trial that awaits all our enthusiasms in this world. We must be prepared to see our noblest ideas degraded into Cant, our most serious studies vulgarized into a Mania. And it is but a paltry enthusiasm that will not bear such a test—that is driven into denying that the world is getting better because fools take to prating of 'progress,' or that begins to be disgusted with an aquarium, because Vulgarity and Ignorance have a very costly one in their back drawing-room. Besides, some good will come even out of the Cant and the Mania, for as you can't handle pitch without being defiled, so you can't handle rose-leaves without carrying about some of the healthy scent. Meanwhile we can afford to smile with the very pleasant writer on 'Science by the Seaside,' in *Fraser*, at the comic symptoms exhibited by many of the 'bitten' subjects. Here is his amusing description of a young lady's transition from *potichomanie* to *polypomanie*:

She—for we shall be ungallant enough to present a feminine example of the disease which is now in our mind's eye—she being located at a fashionable watering-place (name of no consequence, for are they not legion, and as like each other as Caesar and Pompey?) happens to be shipwrecked one stormy afternoon on the coasts of a marine curiosity shop. She wanders idly in its becomered recesses, now disinterring an ill-used Omer or Nautilus, tortured with files and acids into prismatic colours and unwonted situations; now wondering whether the rain will cease; now admiring a basket of sea-weeds, besmirched with varnish and adorned with a motto, which poetically requests the reader not to call them 'weeds,' because they are neither more nor less than 'flowers of the sea,' a title which we fancy the anemones and polypes would be very well inclined to dispute with them.

"And pray, Mrs. So-and-so, what have you got in that rather dirty-looking pudding-basin?"

"Them's zuphites, ma'am, if you please," responds the sibyl, from the depths of her grotto.

"Zu—what?"

"Phites, ma'am. Sea nemones, ma'am; what Mr. Gosse writes books about. Comes from the beach, ma'am. Tuppence each—leastways the common ones; crassy-cornys, fourpence; dianthys, one shilling and sixpence."

"And what's the use of them, Mrs. So-and-so?"

"Lor, ma'am, I can't tell ye—I never could find no use in them myself, but the quality thinks them butifull—Iss, fy! keeps 'em in their draring-rooms, and never minds their turning their little insides out, nor smelling nasty-like, nor nothing!"

The result of which dialogue is that our lady friend carries home a jar of marine pickles, invests in a Gosse and a Kingsley, and before morning is on the high-road to a state of confirmed 'thalassian' (i.e. Gosse) monomania.

So far of the cause of the disease, now for the symptoms. Next day, Phillis, the sheeny-ringed lady's-maid, is discovered in hysterics—six nasty pudding-basins, two confectioner's jars, and a foot-tub, on the drawing-room table, her mistress's bonnet on the floor, garished with a layer of damp sea-weed, and her mistress's dress all over irreparable puddles of salt-water. Her mistress is raving. Her vocabulary is a mixture of young lady expletives, and a quasi-scientific jargon, which becomes more and more complicated as she penetrates the depths of zoological nomenclature.

"Oh, Mr. Penaninke, I am so charmed to see you this morning," was her salutation, as we unwarily did ourselves the honour of a mid-day call; "this, I think, is quite in your way. I know you delight in the exquisite forms of the natural world" (pointing to the pie-dishes).

"Yes," we observed mildly, "we were very fond of anything which was natural."

"Now, do look at this lovely specimen of *Actinia troglodytes*, so named, as dear Mr. Gosse tells us, from its inhabiting the caves of the African Shepherds,—how very curious, isn't it?"

We endeavoured to insinuate that the penultimate syllable of the unhappy animal's species name was not usually lengthened by the professors of the Greek language; and further, that the creature being found on the English coast, couldn't live in an African cave; but the torrent had burst its banks, and we were overwhelmed. "And then, my dear Mr. Penaninke, it's so much better, of course, as Mr. Kingsley says, to be improving one's mind (c' spoil her best bonnet, I declare—well, I never!—moaned Phillis, who was rescuing the *débris* of her mistress's outward woman in a retired corner of the room), by studying the works of nature, than to ruin one's constitution, and throw away one's time in crocheting purses and embroidering braces for your ungrateful sex" (we bowed deprecatorily); "and besides it's so delightful, as Mr. Gosse says, to be always perceiving the wonderful adaptation of ends to means, and the beautiful lessons of resignation and decorum—no, I don't mean that quite—but you know what I mean—it's just like, I mean, going to hear that charming Mr. Thumpitwell, when he gives us such beautiful sermons, in the season of the Rotunda Chapel—I never knew before what instruction and amusement these lovely little polyuses were able to give us!"

Here the lady paused, apparently for lack of breath, and we seized the opportunity and our hat, and escaped as decorously as our inward convulsions would allow; nor did we recover our philosophic calm till we had ensconced ourselves for the whole afternoon in a favourite nook on the rocky shore, and seen the great sun sink, a ball of rushing fire, through vast bells of purple and golden cloud into the far-off Atlantic waste. The finale of our lady-friend's mania was brief and tragical. Having been invited to a half-dozen of pic-nics given in honour of the officers of the 144th, who had been lately quartered in the town, she entirely forgot her scientific pursuits; and when she relapsed into her former state, and re-sought her ill-fated captives, she found them lying at the bottom of their dry receptacle in a shapeless and undistinguishable mass—stinking, as Phillis tersely remarked; or, as her mistress more elegantly paraphrased it, evolving sulphuretted hydrogen in the most charmingly scientific manner.

Turning over the pages of *Fraser*, we alight on the signature 'C. K.'—always attractive to us—appended to an article on Mr. VAUGHAN's interesting work, *Hours with the Mystics*. We would say how and why we admire this article if we did not want all our space for an extract, which, indeed, in its spirit of reverent tenderness towards human weakness and suffering, sufficiently indicates the reason of our admiration:—

To understand any man, we must have sympathy for him, even affection. No in-

tellectual acuteness, no amount even of mere pity for his errors, will enable us to see the man from within, and put our own souls into the place of his soul. To do that, one must feel and confess within oneself the seeds of the very same errors which one reproves in him; one must have passed more or less through his temptations, doubts, hungers of heart and brain. . . . Gently indeed should we speak even of the dreams of some self-imagined 'Bride of Christ,' when we picture to ourselves the bitter agonies which must have been endured ere a human soul could develop so fantastically-diseased a growth. 'She was only a hysterical nun.' Well, and what more tragical object, to those who will look patiently and lovingly at human nature, than a hysterical nun? She may have been driven into a convent by some disappointment in love. And has not disappointed affection been confessed, in all climes and ages, to enshroud its victim ever after, as it were, in a sanctuary of reverend pity? If sorrow 'broke her brains,' as well as broke her heart, shall we do ought but love her the more for her capacity of love? Or she may have entered the convent, as thousands did, in girlish simplicity, to escape from a world which she had not tried, before she had discovered that the world could give her something which the convent could not. What more tragical than her discovery in herself of a capacity for love which could never be satisfied within that prison?—and worse, when that capacity began to vindicate itself in strange forms of disease, seemingly to her supernatural, often agonizing, often degrading, and at the same time (strange contradiction) mixed itself up with her noblest thoughts, to ennoble them still more, and inspire her with a love for all that is fair and lofty, for self-devotion and self-sacrifice, such as she had never felt before? Shall we blame her—shall we even smile at her, if, after the dreadful question 'Is this the possession of a demon?' had alternated with 'Is this the inspiration of a god?' she settled down as the only escape from madness and suicide into the latter thought, and believed that she found in the ideal and perfect manhood of One whom she was told to revere and love as a God, and who had sacrificed his own life for her, a substitute for that merely human affection from which she was for ever debarred? Why blame her for not remembering that which was wanting, or making straight that which was crooked? Let God judge her, not we.

Fraser is very various and interesting this month. It has a story which begins and ends in this number, so that you can take it up in an hour of peptic idleness or dyspeptic incapacity without incurring any pangs of suspense. It has a criticism—a little severe—of Professor ATTOUN's *Botheville*, and a criticism—not a little severe—of Mr. GILFILLAN's *History of a Man*; a humorous description of the 'Sepoy'—*Jack Sepoy*, as he is affectionately called in India—on parade and in his 'lines' (meaning barracks); and, for graver readers, the second part of 'The Essay on Dwarfs and Giants,' an article on the 'Indian Civil Service,' and one on DE TOCQUEVILLE's work, *On the State of Society in France before the Revolution of 1789*.

Blackwood, too, is in one of its best moods—chatty, discursive, and to us especially fascinating, in a 'Chapter on Peninsular Dogs.' The dogs in question are not domestic; they are "such as you meet with in the streets of cities in south-eastern and southern Europe. 'Wild dogs' they are called; but the truth is, they form a connecting link between the wild dog and the domesticated. They are, in fact, an intermediate sort of dog; neither wholly wild, for their habitat is among the dwellings of men; nor wholly domesticated, because (for the good Spanish reason, 'tienen mucha pulga') they are never permitted indoors." The writer tells charmingly of the friendship he formed with several of these dogs. We like best of all the story of 'Fido,' because it shows that dogs, as well as men, are developed by suffering:—

After a few largesses, and a little preliminary negotiation, I succeeded in coaxing Mr. Fido through a side-door into the garden of the hotel. He entered at first with a half-savage and very frightened look, afterwards with more self-possession. In the garden I kept for his use a pan of water, which saved him a trot of some extent to the nearest chafaris. But, except that he evidently knew me as one from whom something was to be got, it was long ere I succeeded in eliciting any token of recognition.

When he did begin at length to show attachment, the indications were singular;—he certainly was an odd-tempered dog. My plan was to speak to him, to look him in the face, and rub his back—more immediate contact being undesirable—with the end of my crutch. Presently, up went his nose in the air with a dismal yowl. Evidently pleased all the while, he was at a loss to express novel emotions. His yowl, in its pathos, much resembled the native songs of the Portuguese peasantry, and indeed some singing that one is forced to hear nearer home. Then, starting off like mad, he would begin scampering about the garden in a figure of eight, barking meanwhile with all his might. But up to the time of his melancholy end he never once looked me in the face like a dog of my own, and his eye retained its savage glare.

Alas, poor Fido! His end was melancholy indeed. A low, underbred fellow—an Englishman he was, I am sorry to say—had a very fierce, powerful dog which he had brought over from Liverpool; a large dog, too, though not so great a beast as himself. This gentleman, who was a sort of a suttler, had a quarrel with the people of my hotel; and having heard that there was a dog whom the household noticed, took occasion to walk down the street with his own dog at his heels, having first given out that he "would soon help old Mother da Costa to a notion of dog-fighting." The consequence was a collision between the two dogs. Fido, insulted, accepted battle—he would not have turned tail to a lion—and in a short, savage conflict, if conflict it could be called, received injuries which in a very few hours proved fatal.

I had ridden down into Lisbon, and was met on my return by Madame da Costa with woful countenance. "Oh, sir, the poor dog! your dog!—Fido, sir! He's as good as killed, sir; and he's in the garden, sir."

There he lay, extended on his side in the gravel walk. Poor Fido! In his neck gaped a hideous wound, not skin-deep; the throat was fairly torn open. His eye, once bright and fierce, had already begun to glaze in death. Yet, what it never had done before, it looked at me—a suffering, an anxious, a pleading, a beseeching look. Somewhat a proficient in the language of dogs, I interpreted that look, "Here, bring the pan of water."

He attempted to rise and lap, but could not. Administering a little at a time, I contrived, with the palm of my hand, to slack his dying thirst. He had already given tokens of entreaty, he now made a sign of gratitude. A few faint thumps with his tail on the gravel were his final indication of life. So began and so ended his recognition of a human friend! Up the country, when restored to health, some months after, I met that beast of a fellow; and from what then occurred had reason to think he felt sorry, though not compunctious, that he had killed my dog.

A second article on 'Sea-side Studies,' gives some of the humour that is latent in Natural History as well as in other things, in the very exciting combat between two Hermit Crabs, each bent, like an egoistic crustacean

as he is, on securing the best berth for himself; and, passing into a graver mood, it indicates the inexhaustible store of speculation, meditation, and reverential emotion that is unlocked for us in the study of Life, as it presents itself in the simpler organisms. The series of papers headed, 'The Scot Abroad,' has a continuation, or rather a supplement, in an article on diplomatic Scotchmen; there are 'Sketches on the Way to Stockholm,' which will perhaps give a useful hint here and there to people who are looking out for a less hackneyed tour than the Rhine country and Switzerland; 'A Brookside Dialogue,' with a descriptive introduction, much better than the dialogue itself; an article on 'The Poetry of Christian Art,' and one on 'Macaulay,' defensive of Scotland, Scotchmen, and Calvinism, against the epigrammatic severity of the historian. The writer is indignant, not only with MACAULAY, but with DICKENS and MAURICE and KINGSLEY, because they 'calumniate' Calvinism, and he winds up by assuring "Mr. MACAULAY that he will but splinter his lance if he tries it upon the shield of adamant which defends from every weapon of offence a true and pure religion"—a statement which Mr. MACAULAY would hardly deny. Suppose we were to tell a Scotchman that, 'with all deference' we considered the singing in Scotch churches to be little better than howling, and he were to reply, that we should but splinter our lance if we tried it against pure and dulcet harmony,—what would the writer think of his countryman's logic?

We have left ourselves no room to speak of the *Dublin University Magazine*, which has its Natural History article of course; contends against a 'New Translation of the Bible,' gives some sketches from the history of 'The Irish in Spain,' in which the reader may perhaps learn something more than he knows at present about General O'DONNELL and his family; discusses in a thorough and interesting way 'The United States Navy,' and has its tales for the tale-loving.

DRED.

Dred: a Tale. By the Author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Sampson Low.

IN this story the action of the Cholera is far more powerful than the action of Slavery. Of course Mrs. Stowe could not produce the companion of *Uncle Tom*, or float her popularity upon the passions of the forthcoming election, without drawing a red-and-black picture of manners as influenced by the peculiar institution; but the sense of misery which, with the susceptible, will be the effect of reading *Dred*, will arise chiefly from the tragedy of Canema, with which Slavery has nothing to do. It is only late in the book, indeed, that the negro enthusiast is introduced; his preachings, his acts, his fate belong almost to a separate narration. The light of the story is Nina, Dred is the shadow; but their destinies are wholly apart, the one being in no way related by circumstance to the other, so that the lady of Canema, upon whose portrait so much elaboration is bestowed, is a mere insignificance as long as the historical conspiracy is under notice, while the conspiracy, which gives the work its name, is totally unnecessary so far as the interest of Nina's life and character is concerned. The result is, not simplicity, but confusion. It is difficult to understand why so many personages are introduced, and we have found it impossible to suggest any artistic reason for the concentration of pathos upon a death from cholera in a tale that has been written with so fierce a purpose. That purpose has been, unmistakably, to publish a volume that will be scattered over America by the Abolitionist simoon that is expected to rise at the approaching election. In her preface, Mrs. Stowe takes advantage of the assault upon Mr. Sumner to indite a bitter paragraph about "the senator of a sovereign state, struck down, unarmed and unsuspecting, by a cowardly blow, and while thus prostrate, still beaten by the dastard arm which had learned its skill in a South Carolina plantation." The Kansas conflict, and the St. Lawrence disasters, with an allusion to "the British Lion led in cotton bands," are adroitly introduced to flatter "the party in America who in the coming election are to make a stand against this tremendous evil," and to rally the public in England, which has no faith in abstract principles anywhere but across the Atlantic. Emphatically, Mrs. Stowe's new novel has many of the qualities of a pamphlet, and it is made up more of assertion than of proof. It is unscrupulous in this sense—that it amasses a number of exceptional and excessive instances, and presents them as a picture of the South.

Regarded simply as a novel, *Dred* is an imitation—a clever imitation—of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Of course, it is not a repetition of the story, but of the idea: it is equally full of sensuous descriptions of material luxury; there is an attempt to remould Topsy in a masculine form; Nina fades into a sort of Eva on her death-bed; a perceptible anxiety is manifested to render Clayton—a cold mass of formality—unlike St. Clare; old Tiff is a more lively Uncle Tom; Harry and Lisette are, in a great degree, reproductions of George and Eliza. *Dred* alone is new, and his character is described with no inconsiderable power. Hunted into a refuge in the Great Dismal Swamp, inspired by oppression, possessed of an almost unearthly passion for revenge, he fills his memory with all the anathemas of David and the Prophets, and pours them out, in text and verse, among the conspirators who have followed him to his seclusion. He has witnessed an outrage, sanctioned by slave law, upon Henry the Quadroon, who manages the Gordon plantations, and exerts all his eloquence to entice him into the negro plot. Soon afterwards, upon the death of the young mistress of Canema, the plantations, lands, and slaves pass into the possession of a Legree in his own right, and here the transition takes place from the bright to the black romance of *Dred*.

Nina, daughter of Colonel Gordon, is left sole mistress of Canema: but, her knowledge being confined to a perfect appreciation of herself, and of the silks, laces, and flosses that adorn her beauty, Henry, the educated quadroon, is manager of the estates. To Canema comes Tom Gordon, jealous of his sister's authority and of Henry's wife, and a feud of blood arises between the slave and the brother of his mistress. It is by this machinery that *Dred* is rendered necessary, though as long as the lady of Canema exercises her

mild sway, the negroes on the plantation have a protectress. The cholera arrives, and Nina exercises a healing charity. The "last scene of all" then opens like a surprise. It is in the presence of Clayton, who has a right to call her "my rose, my bride, my lamb":—

A low tap at his door at last aroused him. The door was partly open, and a little hand threw in a half-opened spray of monthly rosebuds.

"There's something to remind you that you are yet in the body!" said a voice in the entry. "If you are rested, I'll let you come down now."

And Clayton heard the light footsteps tripping down the stairs. He roused himself, and, after some little attention to his toilet, appeared on the veranda.

"Tea has been waiting for some time," said Nina. "I thought I'd give you a hint."

"I was lying very happy, hearing you sing," said Clayton. "You may sing me that song again."

"Was I singing?" said Nina; "why, I didn't know it! I believe that's my way of thinking sometimes. I'll sing to you again after tea. I like to sing."

After tea they were sitting again in the veranda, and the whole heavens were one rosy flush of filmy clouds.

"How beautiful!" said Nina. "It seems to me I've enjoyed these things, this summer, as I never have before. It seemed as if I felt an influence from them going through me, and filling me as the light does those clouds!"

And as she stood looking up into the sky, she began singing again the words that Clayton had heard before—

"I am come from the happy land,

Where sorrow is unknown;

I have parted a joyous band

To make thee mine own.

"Haste, haste, fly with me,

Where love's banquet waits for thee;

Thine all sweet shall be

Thine, thine alone.

"The summer has its heavy cloud,

The rose-leaf must fall—"

She stopped her singing suddenly, left the veranda, and went into the house.

"Do you want anything?" said Clayton.

"Nothing!" said she, hurriedly; "I'll be back in a moment."

Clayton watched, and saw her go to a closet in which the medicines and cordials were kept, and take something from a glass.

He gave a start of alarm.

"You are not ill, are you?" he said fearfully, as she returned.

"Oh, no! only a little faint. We have become so prudent, you know, that if we feel the least beginning of any disagreeable sensation, we take something at once. I have felt this faintness quite often—it isn't much."

Clayton put his arm around her, and looked at her with a vague yearning of fear and admiration.

"You look so like a spirit," he said, "that I must hold you."

"Do you think I have a pair of hidden wings?" she said, smiling, and looking gaily in his face.

"I am afraid so," he said. "Do you feel quite well now?"

"Yes—I believe so—only—perhaps, we had better sit down. I think, perhaps, it is the reaction of so much excitement makes me feel rather tired."

Clayton seated her on the settee by the door, still keeping his arm anxiously around her. In a few moments she drooped her head wearily on his shoulder.

"You are ill!" he said, in tones of alarm.

"No!" she said, "no! I feel very well, only a little faint and tired. It seems to me it is getting a little cold here, isn't it?" she said, with a slight shiver.

Clayton took her up in his arms without speaking, carried her in, and laid her on the sofa. Then rang for Harry and Milly.

"Get a horse instantly," he said to Harry, as soon as he appeared, "and go for a doctor."

"There's no use in sending," said Nina; "he is driven to death, and can't come. Besides, there's nothing the matter with me, only I am a little tired and cold. Shut the doors and windows, and cover me up. No, no! don't take me up-stairs; I like to lie here. Just put a shawl over me, that's all—I am thirsty—give me some water."

The fearful and mysterious disease, which was then in the ascendant, has many forms of approach and development. One, and the most deadly, is that which takes place when a person has so long and gradually imbibed the fatal poisons of an infected atmosphere, that the resisting powers of nature have been insidiously and quietly subdued, so that the subject sinks under it, without any violent outward symptom, by a quiet and certain yielding of the vital powers; such as has been likened to the bleeding to death by an internal wound. In this case, before an hour had passed, though none of the violent and distressing symptoms of the disease appeared, it became evident that the seal of death was set on that fair young brow. A messenger had been despatched, riding with the desperate speed which love and fear can give, but Harry remained in attendance.

"Nothing is the matter with me—nothing is the matter," she said, "except fatigue, and this change in the weather; if I only had more over me—and perhaps you had better give me a little brandy, or some such thing. This is water, isn't it, that you have been giving me?"

Alas, it was the strongest brandy, but there was no taste, and the harshness that they were holding had no smell. And there was no change in the weather; it was only the creeping deadness affecting the whole outer and inner membranes of the system. Yet, still her voice remained clear, though her mind occasionally wandered. There is a strange impulse which sometimes comes in the restlessness and distress of dissolving nature to sing, and as she lay with her eyes closed, apparently in a sort of trance, she would sing over and over again the verse of the song which she was singing when the blow of the unseen destroyer first struck her:

"The summer hath its heavy cloud,

The rose-leaf must fall;

But in our hand joy wears no shroud—

Never doth it pall."

At last she opened her eyes, and seeing the agony of all around, the truth seemed to come to her.

"I think I'm called," she said. "Oh! I'm so sorry for you all. Don't grieve so. My Father loves me so well, He cannot spare me any longer. He wants me to come to Him—that's all. Don't grieve so. It's home I'm going to—home. 'Twill be only a little while, and you'll come too, all of you. You are satisfied, are you not, Edward?"

And again she relapsed into the dreamy trance, and sang in that strange sweet voice, so low, so weak—

"In our land joy wears no shroud—

Never doth it pall."

Clayton, what did he? What could he do? What have any of us done, who have

sat holding in our arms a dear form, from which the soul was passing?—the soul, for which gladly we would have given our own in exchange; when we have felt it going with inconceivable rapidity from us, and we, ignorant and blind, vainly striving to arrest the inevitable doom, feeling every moment that some other thing might be done to save which is not done, and that that which we are doing may be only hastening the course of the destroyer! Oh, those awful agonized moments, when we watch the clock and no physician comes, and every stroke of the pendulum is like the approaching step of death! Oh, is there anything in heaven or earth for the despair of such hours?

Not a moment was lost by the three around that dying bed, chafing those cold limbs—administering the stimulants which the dead exhausted system no longer felt. "She doesn't suffer; thank God, at any rate, for that," said Clayton, as he knelt over her in anguish.

A beautiful smile passed over her face as she opened her eyes and looked on them all, and said, "No, my poor friends, I don't suffer. I'm come to the land where they never suffer. I'm only so sorry for you, Edward," she said to him. "Do you remember what you said to me once? It has come now—you must bear it like a man. God calls you to some work—don't shrink from it. You are baptized with fire; it all lasts only a little while—it will be over soon, very soon. Edward, take care of my poor people; tell Tom to be kind to them. My poor, faithful, good Harry! Oh! I'm going so fast!"

The voice sank into a whispering sigh. Life now seemed to have retreated to the citadel of the brain. She lay apparently in her last sleep, when the footsteps of the doctor were heard on the veranda. There was a general spring to the door; and Doctor Butler entered, pale, haggard, and worn, from constant exertion and loss of rest. He did not say in words that there was no hope, but his first dejected look said it but too plainly. She moved her head a little—like one who is asleep—uneasily upon her pillow, opened her eyes once more, and said, "Good-by! I will arise and go to my Father."

The gentle breath gradually became fainter and fainter. All hope was over! The night walked on with silent and solemn footsteps, and soft showers fell without, murmuring upon the leaves. Within all was still as death.

Dred, the son of a negro executed with several others for conspiracy, is fourteen years of age at the time of his father's death:—

He was a witness of the undaunted aspect with which he and the other conspirators met their doom. The memory dropped into the depths of his soul, as a stone drops into the desolate depths of a dark mountain lake. Sold to a distant plantation, he became noted for his desperate, unsubduable disposition. He joined in none of the social recreations and amusements of the slaves, laboured with proud and silent assiduity, but, on the slightest rebuke or threat, flashed up with a savage fierceness, which, supported by his immense bodily strength, made him an object of dread among overseers. He was one of those of whom they gladly rid themselves; and, like a fractious horse, was sold from master to master. Finally, an overseer, harder than the rest, determined on the task of subduing him. In the scuffle that ensued Dred struck him to the earth, a dead man, made his escape to the swamps, and was never afterwards heard of in civilized life.

The reader who consults the map will discover that the whole eastern shore of the southern states, with slight interruptions, is belted by an immense chain of swamps, regions of hopeless disorder, where the abundant growth and vegetation of nature, sucking up its forces from the humid soil, seems to rejoice in a savage exuberance, and bid defiance to all human efforts either to penetrate or subdue. These wild regions are the homes of the alligator, the moccasin, and the rattlesnake. Evergreen-trees, mingling freely with the deciduous children of the forest, form here dense jungles, verdant all the year round, and which afford shelter to numberless birds, with whose warbling the leafy desolation perpetually resounds. Climbing vines and parasitic plants of untold splendour and boundless exuberance of growth, twine and interlace and hang, from the heights of the highest trees, pennons of gold and purple—triumphant banners which attest the solitary majesty of Nature. A species of parasitic moss wreaths its abundant draperies from tree to tree, and hangs in pearly festoons, through which shine the scarlet berry and green leaves of the American holly. What the mountains of Switzerland were to the persecuted Vaudois, this swampy belt has been to the American slave. The constant effort to recover from thence fugitives has led to the adoption, in these states, of a separate profession, unknown at this time in any other Christian land—hunters, who train and keep dogs for the hunting of man, women, and children.

The negroes lying out in the swamp are not so wholly cut off from society as might at first be imagined. The slaves of all the adjoining plantations, whatever they may pretend, to secure the good-will of their owners, are at heart secretly disposed, from motives both of compassion and policy, to favour the fugitives. They very readily perceive that, in the event of any difficulty occurring to themselves, it might be quite necessary to have a friend and protector in the swamp; and therefore they do not hesitate to supply those fugitives, so far as they are able, with anything which they may desire. The poor whites, also, who keep small shops in the neighbourhood of plantations, are never particularly scrupulous, provided they can turn a penny to their own advantage, and willingly supply necessary wares in exchange for game, with which the swamp abounds. Dred, therefore, came in possession of an excellent rifle, and never wanted for ammunition, which supplied him with an abundance of food. Besides this, there are, here and there, elevated spots in the swampy land, which by judicious culture are capable of great productiveness; and many such spots Dred had brought under cultivation, either with his own hands or from those of other fugitives, whom he had received and protected. From the restlessness of his nature, he had not confined himself to any particular region, but had traversed the whole swampy belt of both the Carolinas, as well as that of Southern Virginia; residing a few months in one place and a few months in another. Wherever he stopped he formed a sort of retreat, where he received and harboured fugitives. On one occasion he rescued a trembling and bleeding mulatto woman from the dogs of the hunters, who had pursued her into the swamp. This woman he made his wife, and appeared to entertain a very deep affection for her.

While we are anticipating the climax of the drama—conspiracy, insurrection, a fearful social conflict—the drama ends without a climax. Dred is killed in a slave hunt, and all the characters vanish, leaving a very indistinct and unsatisfactory impression.

JOHN LAW.

The Financier Law: His Scheme and Times.

J. Blackwood.

This is a translation of Cochet's narrative, compiled in great part from manuscripts in the National Library of France. The journals of Marais and Barbier, as well as that attributed to Buvat, have also been consulted, in addition to the apology of Du Tot, the ten plethoric volumes of Dubaut-champ, the Memoirs of St. Simon and Duclos, and the historical summaries

of Forbonnais, Lementey, and Thiers. The range of authorities is wide, and presents the financial ideas of Law from many opposite points of view. But M. Cochet, indifferent as a biographer, is altogether incompetent as a critic. His analysis of Law's character displays an absolute poverty of understanding. It is a mere repetition of the platitudes to be found in every superficial sketch of that Golden Age of speculation, in which the Scotchman appeared to his contemporaries as the Enchanter of Finance. Indeed, M. Cochet is a compiler of opinions as well as of facts. In one page he calls Law 'perfidious'; in another he says "it would be unjust to accuse him personally." Therefore, we are relieved from the consideration of this book as a serious history. But it has two merits. The story appears to have been industriously put together, and the style is uncommonly picturesque. Not a paragraph is dull, though the remarks on men and events are, in general, mere impertinences; the anecdotes, some new, some true, others only amusing, are abundant and cleverly arranged; and the description of the origin, maturity, and wreck of the Mississippi Scheme is, as M. Cochet, or his translator, pleasantly says it is, "graphic."

A necessary prelude to this epic of delusion and rapacity is an account of the financial disorganization consequent upon the financial excesses of Louis XII. A debt of fourteen hundred millions, an empty treasury, a proposal of repudiation, the depreciation of the paper and metallic currency, the devouring cupidity of the contractors, and the confiscations of the Chamber of Justice, which destroyed confidence without enforcing restitution, prepared France for the next episode—the madness that comes after melancholy. To give effect to the arbitrary assessment of the rich—an Ottoman device—it was necessary not only to bribe, but to guarantee from all injury those secret informers, who, under false names, accused their masters, friends, or fellow-citizens. Flagellation, exposure, and torture were among the processes of "collection." No doubt many of the contractors deserved all they suffered—Bourvalais, who was fined eight millions of francs; Chatelain, who paid four millions and a half as the price of immunity; Bernard, who offered to ransom his fortune by a gift of sixteen millions; Crozat, who "got off" for twelve millions. Some attempted to secrete their spoils, others to transmit them, illicitly, across the frontier. Fourteen carts were stopped on one road laden with casks of wine, in the centre of which were suspended little barrels filled with louis d'or. The merchant Vermalet smuggled his enormous treasures of gold and silver into Holland in a cart piled with hay and straw, with which he made several journeys. But after several species of extortion had been practised upon these extortioners, after fines to the amount of more than two hundred millions of francs had been imposed upon the four thousand four hundred and ten individuals condemned, the result was comparatively insignificant. What with escapes, remissions, bribes, percentages, corrupt appropriations, not more than half the fines were ever received by the exchequer. To cite one anecdote in illustration: A collector, who had been sentenced to a penalty of 1,200,000 livres, was visited by a nobleman, who promised to have the sentence cancelled for 300,000 livres. "Upon my honour, count," he said, "you have come too late. I have just made a bargain with the countess for half the money." Many were the state schemes that followed for the restoration of the finances, but they were failures, and France under the Regency was virtually bankrupt.

It was at this time that Law appeared. He had resided in Paris, indeed, during the latter years of the late king's reign, spending the relics of his patrimony, and avoiding the consequences of a penalty of death which had been recorded against him in London for killing a gentleman in a duel. At Amsterdam, Venice, Genoa, Florence, Naples, and Rome, he had gambled largely, successfully, and, says St. Simon, with inviolable honesty. And why not gamble? Louis XIV. liked men who played high. The Portuguese ambassador shocked nobody when, in a single night, he gained 1,800,000 livres from the Regent's daughter. But Law associated with Dutch merchants as well as with French and Italian gamblers, and trusted more to science than to hazard. At last, he believed himself qualified to be a financial reformer, in the old sense of the term, and, as a patriotic Scotchman, first offered to make the fortune of the Scottish people. His plans were debated in parliament:—

A large majority rejected the project, deciding against innovations in matters of finance. Law had proposed the formation of a territorial bank, which should give to the Scotch landlords paper having a forced currency to the extent of a certain portion of the value of their estates. Suppress the forced currency, facilitate the negotiation of these territorial notes, and you will have the *crédit foncier* so much in favour in our time.

To Paris again, where he used to carry 100,000 livres in gold to Poisson's, in the Rue Dauphine. His hand not being able to grasp the quantity of gold he wished to stake at once, he had counters struck of the value of eighteen louis each. People wondered at him, as they would have wondered at Cagliostro or Cazotte, and the police, being paid to suspect this too successful foreigner, sent him across the frontier. But John Law had fascinated the eager mind of the Duke of Orleans, who spoke of him to his comptroller-general as a man worth consulting. An order to leave Paris within twenty-four hours broke off the connexion. Law travelled from capital to capital, a triumphant gambler but a rejected economist. He gained money from everyone, but no one would have his theories.

When forty-four years old, he heard that Louis XIV. was dead, and the Duke of Orleans regent. Within a fortnight he was in Paris, for the regent had seemed "to understand his ideas."

The kind of life he was about giving up had been so profitable to him, that after extravagances which equalled those of the highest nobles, he was able to realize 1,600,000 livres in hard cash, that is to say, 2,680,000 francs of our money.

The narrative now widens from biography into history. And here, says M. Cochet, the *Scheme* should be described, which eight or ten writers have analyzed with eight or ten different results. More than one insists that he comprehends Law's ideas better than Law himself. M. Cochet proposes to set aside the difficulty by assuming that the man, who was celebrated for a scheme, never had one. It would be more correct to say that he did not formulate his financial doctrines, but that he had, and acted upon, a theory

it would not be easy to disprove. What was his first project, the bank, which Dubois supported and St. Simon opposed? It was a plan to equalize the value of paper and money. What was his second project, the formation of a Western Company, to fertilize the French possessions in the New World? It was a plan to monopolize the trade of the immense regions bordering on the Mississippi, and to create from credit a vast floating mass of exchangeable value, and it is far from being an established fact that Law was answerable for the mania that ensued. The world was duped, but whether by itself or by Law is an open question. It is certain that the Scotch financier, who is accused as a mere jobber in notes and money, did occupy himself with extraordinary operations in favour of French trade, that a substantial basis might be formed for the speculations in which men of all classes and countries were so eager to engage. That Colbert's project was a failure is no reason why Law's should not have been a success. Compare the stories circulated of the unimaginable wealth in gold and silk, in the regions of the Mississippi, with the bejewelled pictures of India in the early days of the Company. The East was one Golconda, and Golconda was one diamond mine, and every Asiatic was a Great Mogul, and every Great Mogul was anxious to part with a priceless ruby for a bodkin or a feather.

The Great Company, installed in the palace of Mazarin, began its operations in 1719. The Administrative Council was composed of thirty persons, among whom Law only figured as a director, on an equality with his colleagues. They were at first not only active but orderly.

The shares were allotted with much form, and it was no very violent innovation to establish an auction or market of scrip. Then was exhibited the golden extravaganzas of the Rue Quincampoix. Then the phalanx of fortune-hunters stood in a compact column in the street, caring not for sleep, thirst, or hunger, many waiting their turns for days. The Rue Quincampoix was closed to all other kinds of traffic. Pilgrims from all countries crowded thither. Not a carriage was left unlired on the most distant roads in France. Gold was a drug, silver dross, nothing was valued but paper. And all the maddening scenes that followed, with which the English public is vaguely familiar, are presented graphically by M. Cochut. Insane hopes produced insane improvidence, and luxury increased so far that a royal edict appeared, prohibiting the use of banisters, cabinets, tables, gridrins, or flower-pots of silver. Many a promoted lacquey lived like a Shah,—that Mississippi, notably, whom Duhautechamp commemorates in the language of half-bewildered awe. Four millions' worth of jewellery, a service of plate that had been ordered of the magnificent King of Portugal, kitchen utensils and bedroom furniture of solid silver, ninety servants, four 'young ladies,' and four footmen of good birth as his personal attendants, peas at a hundred pistoles the pint, ambrosial fountains playing at his table—why it is enough to convince M. Duhautechamp that the nameless prodigal was a masculine Cleopatra. Meanwhile Law himself, the prince of all the magic, reigned in flattered state, and the coldest and proudest beauties kissed him. He planned an equitable system of taxation, suggested experiments in free trade, large public works, the devotion of two millions to the release of poor prisoners for debt, the restoration of waste lands, the establishment of a liberal poor law. Says M. Cochut, who elsewhere calls Law perfidious, the Scheme, "in the firm conviction of its founder, was to be the instrument of general prosperity." But, as Pontchartrain said to Louis XIV., "When it pleases your majesty to create an office, God creates a fool to purchase it." The Company, soberly created, because the property of desperadoes, money was carried away in countless millions, lands and houses were purchased at unheard of prices, and Law, as Comptroller-General of Finance, had to contend against jealousy, insanity, and confusion in the public mind. That his projects were extravagant, there is little doubt; that they were misrepresented and exaggerated, there is no doubt whatever. When a hundred and eighty young girls were taken out of prison, prettily dressed and decked with flowers, and bright little chains on their wrists, and married to as many young culprits of the other sex; and when attempts were made to sweep the redundant population by force into the colonies, fatal mistakes were made; but M. Cochut, though he pretends to be cautious, trusts too implicitly in the loose gossip of Buvat and the elaborate gossip of St. Simon. The panic, the horrors, the reign of suspicion and cruelty that followed, were, as commentaries, impressive enough. It was only natural that Law, the distributor of riches, should afterwards be maligned as the distributor of ruin. How far he was responsible, it is left for more philosophical biographers than M. Cochut to ascertain. One thing is certain, that he was not personally rapacious, for he offered to divide the whole of his possessions among those who had been injured by the Scheme.

A BATCH OF BOOKS.

A Cyclopædia of Geography, Descriptive and Physical. By James Bryce, M.A., F.G.S. (Griffin and Co.)—The leading aim of this Gazetteer, the compiler states, has been to present a full, clear, and accurate description of the known world, divided and distributed according to alphabetical arrangement. The most authentic statistics of trade, manufactures, population, and education, are added, with accounts of natural phenomena connected with islands, continents, rivers, seas, lakes, and mountain ranges. The work has been very carefully executed throughout. We find none of these absurdities that disfigure more pretentious and better known compilations. The principal defects we have noticed are faults of omission, exemplified in the very first page. The Gazetteer, in fact, begins with the word "Aa," to which is appended this information:—"The name of several small rivers on the continent of Europe." What rivers, and where are they? The position of one or two, at least, should have been indicated. Upon a close inspection deficiencies of this kind are detectable; but in a general sense, this is an admirable geographical dictionary, convenient in size, and as well adapted for private libraries of reference as for schools.

The Annals of England: an Epitome of English History, from Contemporary Writers, the Rolls of Parliament, and other Public Records. Vol. II. (Parker.)—This is a publication which will be of great value to those who design to study English history by a systematic method. It is com-

piled in brief, colourless paragraphs, but is full of substance, illustration, and authority. The references are to be classified at the end of the third volume. The second, now published, begins with the rule of the House of Lancaster, and concludes with the execution of Charles I. Some notices of the social state of Ireland during the reign of Henry VIII. are very curious. The Irish nobles were as much accustomed to exemptions as the French; they would not permit the king's courts to be held in their districts, fined their tenants if they repaired for justice to the walled towns, profited by the penalties of crime, charged their peasantry for protection and left them unprotected, and levied taxes on deaths and births:—

Every birth, marriage, or death in the lord's family occasioned the demand of a sheep from each husbandman, and a cow from each village; money was levied (*srake*) for the expenses of journeys, never undertaken, to Dublin or to England. Forced contributions of food and money (*foy and pay*, and *mortgage*) relieved the lord from all expenditure of his own when he had guests; when he hunted, his dogs were regaled with bread and milk, or butter; and whole quarters of oats were demanded when most scarce, for his 'great horse,' and a composition in money exacted. The Anglo-Saxon king claimed the labour of his freemen to build his residence; but the Irish noble exacted *mustons* for the keep of all his various craftsmen, from masons to tailors; he, however, seldom lived at home, but passed his time in periodical visits, with an unlimited retinue, to his tenants, when meat, drink, lodging, candle, and a present at parting had to be provided. Four such visits to pass the night (*called cody, or cosher*) were usually bestowed on each husbandman, while more occasional visits were often paid for the express purpose of ruining ('eating up') an obnoxious inferior.

Lady Catherine Poer, when one of her tenants was robbed, kept the property recovered by her soldiers, and fined the husbandman for his negligence in losing it. Ireland was then, in its feudal system, the perfect parallel of France.

A Child's History of the United States. By John Bonner. (Sampson Low.)—Two very excellent volumes, suggested by *The Child's History of England* of Charles Dickens. Mr. Dickens's preface will serve as praise for Mr. Bonner; his book 'may help children, by-and-by, to read with interest larger and better books on the same subject.'

A School History of Modern Europe, from the Reformation to the Fall of Napoleon. By John Lord, A.M. (Simpkin and Marshall.)—The fault of most school histories is not the fault of this: it is anything but dull. Mr. Lord varies his narrative by interspersing social anecdotes and pictures, and notices of literary and scientific progress, with the political annals of modern Europe. He writes plainly but attractively, and, in general, with a close attention to the necessary details of his subject. Occasionally, however, a lapse occurs, leaving important passages obscure. Of what value, for example, is the history of a war without an explanation of its results? In 1713, writes Mr. Lord, "the Treaty of Utrecht gave peace to desolated and mourning Europe." What were the provisions of the Treaty? That is what should be told in a School History. Then, what purposes were effected by the peace of Paris, in 1763? Mr. Lord records the signature of the Treaty, omitting all notice of its stipulations. History, written in this style, is simply dramatic, and teaches nothing. These, however, are incidental, not characteristic deficiencies. Mr. Lord, however, should not have attempted criticism. He might have spared himself the folly of saying "Alison's history is, on the whole, the most complete account of the French Revolution." Why, the pupils will laugh!

Familiar Astronomy; or, An Introduction to the Study of the Heavens. By Hannah M. Bouvier. (Trübner.)—This large volume, with its elaborate apparatus of tinted maps, figures, and diagrams, is intended for the use of schools, families, and private students. It is on an ample scale, and is divided into five parts. The first treats of the laws which govern the heavenly bodies; the second, of the components of the solar system, and the laws governing their movements; the third, of the sidereal heavens—fixed stars, clusters, and nebulae; the fourth, of the principal instruments used in an observatory, and the fifth, of the globes. A very useful astronomical dictionary—a technical glossary—is added. Without being competent to test Miss Bouvier's science, we must bear witness that her book is one that tempts to study.

Analytical Ethnology: The Mixed Tribes in Great Britain and Ireland Examined. By A. T. Massy. (Baillière.)—Here is a volume of random gossip introduced in a scientific disguise. Mr. Massy is as much a politician as an ethnologist, and wanders from his subject to scoff at Sir John Forbes, and to abuse the 'liquid flowing from the editorial quill' of the *Times*. Imagining that he is called upon to vindicate the high qualities of the Irish nation, he digresses to tell us that Sir Hans Sloane was an Irishman, that many of the *Times*' leaders are written by Irishmen, that Marshal O'Donnell 'procured peace and order,' is of Irish extraction. From 'the fossil history of words,' also, he derives national inferences that are highly gratifying. But it is in his full-length portraits of a Celtic man and woman, compared with 'dumpy Dutch' and 'globular headed Saxons,' that Mr. Massy excels himself. Heroic dignity combined with pastoral simplicity, 'a soft brogue issuing from a well-formed mouth,' 'matchless teeth and lips,' fresh, transparent, and elastic skin, a lion's heart, a square and muscular chest, make up the ideal Irishman. The ideal Irish maiden is auburn-haired, and has a white, soft skin, a thinking forehead on a line with a straight, mild nose, exquisite lips and chin, well-set teeth, soft dark eyes full of honest love, and other attributes of the Venus de Medici. The hand of the Celt is delicate and tapering, 'exhibiting a fineness of mind and feeling that is very remarkable.' The Saxon's hand is thick, coarse, unpliant; it almost creaks on the hinges. The Saxon is a spartan-fingered man—his foot, too, is made for counting-houses; that of the Celt for dances, barricades, and scaling-ladders—'a piece of undulating architecture—the grain of beauty.' That suffices.

A History of the Turks from the Earliest Period to the Present Time. By John McGilchrist. (J. Blackwood.)—Whenever a title-page contains the words 'from the earliest period to the present time' the book it introduces is sure to be steady and formal. Mr. McGilchrist's *History of the Turks* is of this character. It is an intelligent epitome of the most interesting events of Turkish history from the decay of the Byzantine Empire to the fall of Kara-

As a school-book, it is preferable to any irregular abridgment of Von Hammer.

A Popular History of British Lichens, comprising an Account of their Structure, Reproduction, Uses, Distribution, and Classification. By W. Lauder Lindsay, M.D. (Reeve.)—Dr. Lindsay's volume is one of the best in the admirable series to which it belongs. It is, as the writer describes it, a familiar, natural history, touched with an occasional charm of fancy, and very delightful as the companion of a hill ramble. If Blackwood has sent hundreds to the sea-side to imitate the studies of its contributors, Dr. Lindsay's enthusiasm will send others in pursuit of Lichenology, of Lecideas and Cladonias, and leathery Umbilicarias, 'rich grey lichens broided on the rocks.' The illustrations, in tinted lithography, are as perfect in art as in science. It is high praise to say that the volume is really 'a popular history'—deserving popularity.

Portfolio.

We should do our utmost to encourage the Beautiful, for the Useful encourages itself.—GOETHE.

THE HEDGEHOG PAPERS.

I.

PLATITUDES.

THE utility of Platitudes in the art of Government has been acknowledged from the earliest times, and a careful study of this form of cajolery has ever found favour in the eyes of statesmen and divines. By a Platitude is to be understood in its general sense, a false postulate so speciously used as to resemble truth—the base coin passing current in society, in the House, in hiring reviews, in ethical dissertations, in the lectures delivered from Professors' chairs, especially of the historical order. As it is impossible to prove a self-evident proposition, so does the Platitude defy a formal contradiction perforce of its utter shallowness and superficial lucidity. It is as vain to grapple with it, as to contend with a man who calls you 'infidel' or 'disbeliever'—and this form of name-calling the Platitude very often takes: you cannot therefore gainsay the nickname your opponent uses; nor will it avail aught to seriously disprove the bald, trashy truisms which are daily and hourly used for the justification of fraud, and the defence of the conventional tyrannies of society. And yet this counterfeit mode of reasoning, if such it can be termed, is generally triumphant, and prevails with the majority who give vote in favour of him who can deceive them in the most plausible way. That words are 'the counters of wise men and the money of fools' we all know very well, but very few of us are aware of the astonishing impostures daily carried on under this guise: they swarm around us everywhere: they appeal to custom, to respectability, to religion: there is not a rotten part of the state which cannot be, and is not, defended by these Platitudes: there are men who live wholly upon them, whose whole lives are consumed in multiplying words for the purposes of defending the 'bulwarks' of injustice and foul play. Surely, therefore, this art is worth studying. "Words without meaning," says Horne Tooke, "or of equivocal meaning, are the everlasting engines of fraud," and especially of old fraud, of the respectable vices and wrongs to which men are accustomed, of the hereditary, semi-barbarous wrongs daily inflicted upon society, and which we are told it is our 'duty' to bear, or that it is 'not the thing' to object to. Until we see through this slang, and can shoot this thing as it flies, there is no hope for the good cause of free opinion. If you desire explanation of any of the daily base consuetudes of life, you are at once gagged with a Platitude: such things 'always were so' we are told, and we are better off than the nations on the Continent. The office of thus debauching the public mind is performed in the House by those worthy, solid-minded gentlemen whose respectability is their whole guarantee, and out of it, by flunkey reviewers, who write up Church and State and maintain that tone of 'healthy-mindedness' and 'right-and-proper' tone of feeling so essential to 'conserve society.' But if we but study the values of words even so slightly, and if we come to close quarters, we shall find that these key-notes and catch-words are mere tricks and subterfuges used by the organs of the powerful and wealthy in order to defraud the rest of mankind from their just inheritance upon God's earth. Underneath all this palaver of 'duty,' and in the core of these goodly injunctions to contentment and peace, we find invariably the burden of the theme to be 'Better a plum for me than two figs for thee.' This is Mammon's argument throughout, and in order to carry out this noble motive it proceeds, in true esoteric fashion, to console us with Platitudes. "The wind," it says, "is always tempered to the shorn lamb!" The inference of which is obvious, namely, that you shall endure the shearing patiently and let Mammon carry off the wool, while you, cold and deserted, shall trust to Providence to supply the deficiency. Mahomet once overheard one of his followers who was consoling himself in this way, "I will loose my camel," said this victim of a platitude, "and commit it to God." "Friend," said the great Prophet, "tie up thy camel, and then commit it to God."

By such means are the true interests of society evaded or neglected. By such means are men gulled and befooled to their own confusion and to the glory of those plethoric dogs who live in manglers. By such means wealth, or 'the true interests of virtue and religion,' which are the mere synonyms of wealth, is sanctified and conserved. Talleyrand (and Goldsmith) said that words were given them to conceal their ideas: a hint worth while remembering when hearing a Parliamentary debate, or reading any organ devoted to the advocacy of 'sound' political principles, wherein you will perceive the power of Platitudes to the utmost. He is a bold man who would venture to address the House in any other language, so vernacular is this dialect to the ears of the administrative class, and the patrician order positively understands none other. And the organ of 'sound' principles

is ground continually to the same tune, and vituperates freedom of thought and liberty of speech, extolling the loving kindness of our immaculate legislators and the great blessings we derive from their disinterested rule.

It is a trick of the monopolizing classes to preach up contentment, and those who undertake this inhuman office are invariably rewarded with patronage and approbation, and very often with more substantial favours. In the literary world, indeed, there are found a few bold pens, but the majority love to bespeak the applause of a community thoroughly steeped in Platitudes and wholly unconscious of independent thought: therefore do they truckle to this wretched conservation and these cruel ethics. Who are the men whom authority loves to promote to honour? Are they men of genius or of heart?—are they minds of the finest temper? Or rather, are they not trammelled men, who are pledged and bound to one side only? Genius is too free and bold. No Archbishop of Canterbury was ever a genius, but many have been dolts; but dolts can conserve better than others, and therefore are they chosen. If you seek for distinction you must affect a stolidity, even if you have it not; otherwise you will be deemed incapable of preserving that solemn demeanour so essential to great ministers, or you will be thought incapable of maintaining the imposture of your station. Be careful to implant Platitudes on every occasion: the neglect of this has been the ruin of many a great man. Hence we get some inkling in the cause of great reputations attained by such contemptible men. This accounts, too, for the immense domination of fools and the triumph of the noble army of blockheads, by whom all society is officered. At first it somewhat perplexes a simple understanding to comprehend why all station and command should be invariably bestowed upon the commonest minds, and why stupid men always succeed in life. One would naturally think that posts of importance and trust, and offices necessary for the general interest, would be filled by the best men of the day, and that a fine mind would naturally rise to its proper sphere and find acceptance there. Indeed! Wealth is too morbidly jealous of its rights and too selfishly exclusive to give genius admittance within its gates. Out with it, Dunciad! The petty authorities of society are mere beardless and flunkeys, placed there for their Conservative qualities rather than their breadth of views or force of character. We need not genius in a doorkeeper. The great object is to obtain men who can maintain order and keep society in subjection. But to improve life and its opportunities, to bless us with the light of mind, to render existence less burdensome—this is no part of their duties. The literary police pursue the same course, and the clerical also. Their trade is to make men contented: to teach them to endure in silence and to look pleasant. But this is pushing matters too far. Property has its rights, and can take very good care of itself without thus befouling the consciences of the community, or thrusting Platitudes down our throats in this wholesale fashion. The rights of monarchy were once thought to require the same rigorous enforcement, and every 'loyal subject' was constantly expected to be mouthing laudations to the person, whether good or bad, who happened to occupy the throne: and yet now, after the Crown has been shorn of this undue reverence, we find its real rights and influence in no danger of decline. It can do very well without adventitious aid, as we have good reason to know at this present time, when Court influence, and Prince influence, and Sutherland House influence play but too conspicuous and thrifty a game with the wives and liberties of honourable members, to the injury of the whole community, whose interests are too frequently sacrificed to some paltry patronage from those high quarters. Let Property confine itself to the same 'rights.' Sooner or later it must. At present, however, with the jealousy of the Inquisition, it gags every mouth given to speak the truth. It gives millions to missionaries and foreign schemes, while its own kith and kin are starving at home: and thus, having thrown the children's bread to the dogs, it hires priests and writers to guard its liberties: of course their language is in keeping with their avocations. They have studied the Platitude in all its branches to some purpose, and know the full scope of this most recondite form of reasoning, which is applied to every pursuit of life, and infects the whole course of literature, ethics, religion, the stage, the hustings, the court of justice, the very small-talk of society. Solid, heavy, 'practical' natures—the staple and average of mankind—can understand nothing else than this jugglery of words with its infinite variations and most plausible aspects. It stupefies and paralyzes everything, and to such a degree that the chivalrous tone of some free voice seems at first out of keeping, and exasperates us. We fear it because it sounds so strangely new: we start from the old lethargy and vent our displeasure upon this disturber of our accustomed tranquillity: we have eaten of the Lotus and would be let alone.

Mark well the chief characteristic of the Platitude. It always benumbs: it never rouses. It is always timid and cautious.—Matters have gone on very well upon the old plan, why therefore change anything? Our fathers and grandfathers lived well upon old principles, and let us do likewise.—It is always dead. It smothers and oppresses. It is always negative and hates newness, and very naturally allies itself with the hard-hearted selfishness of our natures.

Who can be expected to legislate for a future generation—for a race which may never be, and, according to a certain pulpit mountebank, which never will be? But the new race is here, is ever increasing our ranks: it comes naked and hungry, seeking its food and heritage: it comes pushing the old occupants from their seats. We tell it, with many Platitudes, that it has no lot or part with us: we preach up to it our vested rights, our laws of property, our proprieties and nice distinctions of right and wrong. It cares nothing, it heeds us not. It comes—a new creation from the hands of the great Maker—seeking its own. Appause the young Revolutionist. He too will grow old, and perhaps preach up these same old Platitudes to the new generation of later times, but he will be merciful or hard-hearted even as he is taught, and as we are to him. He is now an infant and a starveling. Let us give him food of our immense stock, for surely there is enough for all. Wherefore this stint and meanness, this jealousy for wealth lest any title of our possessions should be filched? And wherefore a servile adherence to this worn-out phraseology and wretched nomenclature?

H.

The Arts.

'PIZARRO' AT THE PRINCESS'S.

MR. KEAN is certainly the prince of theatrical antiquaries. He seems determined to illustrate every period of history and every nation under the sun. Assyria, mediæval England, ancient Greece, Sicily, Bithynia, early Scotland, and modern France, having been in turn exhausted, the enterprising showman of Oxford-street has turned his attention to the New World, and has 'reproduced,' as the phrase is, the life, dresses, architecture, and customs of the natives of Peru at the time when the fierce Spaniard, PIZARRO, shattered their gorgeous theocracy, ruined the golden splendours of their temples and their mystical gardens, and rendered them, at this comparatively close epoch, far more obscure and dreamlike than the remote Greeks of the ancient world, or even than the Egyptians and Hindus. Our readers are aware that we have always objected to the disrespectful treatment of SHAKESPEARE implied in burying his creations beneath a weight of spectacle; but we have little to complain of on that score in connexion with SHERIDAN's translation of KOTZBUE's *Spaniards in Peru*. Originally written as a *pièce de circonstance*, it will now serve very well as a vehicle for show, without the aid of which it would probably never have been revived. When it was originally produced, more than half a century ago, at SHERIDAN's own theatre, it was designed to typify, in the valorous patriotism of *Rolla* and his Peruvians, the determination of the universal British Volunteer to die on the altars and hearths of his fathers (that, we believe, is the right language), rather than submit to the threatened invasion from France; in the same way that ADDISON's *Cato* was intended to shadow forth the resistance of the Whigs of that day to the designs of the reactionary Tories and adherents of the PRETENDER. The loyal Briton of fifty years back applauded the covert 'true blue' sentiments of *Pizarro*, and the piece was a decided success, though produced under the most disadvantageous circumstances. SHERIDAN, with his usual indolence, delayed finishing the play till it was found absolutely necessary to produce it unfinished; and the choruses actually sang their hymns without any words, making up for the want by a judicious employment of 'ri-tol.' There is also an amazing myth, to the effect that the words to be spoken in the last few scenes were not written, or translated, till after the play had begun; that they were then scribbled off as quickly as possible on little slips of paper, and that the actors and actresses learnt them as best they could. But we do not vouch for this green-room legend.

The reproduction on Monday night was as great a success, only on other grounds, as that which attended the first production. The scenery, dresses, and effects, are of the most gorgeous kind. For the sake of adding to these, there is an interpolated scene, representing the Great Square of the city of Cuzco during the festival of RAYMI. To build up the splendours here unfolded to the spectator to their greatest height, no pains have been spared to search Mr. PRESCOTT from title-page to colophon; and MANCO CAPAC, the first of the Incas, if he could be induced to come down from his home in the sun, and take a stall at the PRINCESS's, might fancy himself back in his adopted land. We cannot do better than repeat the description of this scene given by the eloquent critic of the *Times*—

"The stage is completely filled with a multitude of Peruvians, attired in gorgeous and fantastic dresses, who greet the sun as he gradually appears above the horizon, tinting the summits of the edifices, first with red, then with white, till the whole scene becomes one blaze of lustre, sparkling from innumerable golden implements and jewelled-garments. A dance by girls dressed as Peruvian warriors will bear comparison with the Pyrrhic dance in the *Winter's Tale*; and for the Dionysian festival in Bithynia we may almost find a parallel in the riotous leaping with which the ceremony concludes, and which is rendered more strange by the heads of brutes placed on some of the figures. The landscapes are as beautiful in their kind as these representations of Peruvian pageantry. The 'Gardens of the Royal Palace,' in which the foremost beds are set with golden plants, shaded by golden trees, slope up a hill-side in most picturesque diversity. The mountainous scene in which *Rolla* effects the rescue of the child is a masterpiece of rock and torrent, and, moreover, allows a terrific leap across a chasm to be substituted for the traditional run across a bridge. Nor are the European peculiarities less studied than those of Peru. The old firelock and the steel cap recall a class of warriors very different from those conventional Spaniards who so long held possession of the stage."

Rolla is performed by Mr. KEAN, *Pizarro* by Mr. RYDER, *Orosambo* by Mr. COOPER, *Elvira* by Mrs. KEAN, and *Cora* by Miss HEATH. The child, we may add, is a real child, and not a wax doll. Some of the dialogue is omitted, and so is the death of *Pizarro*, for the sake of historical truth.

It is perhaps needless to add that the revival was a complete success.

CLOSE OF THE MONT BLANC SEASON.

THE morning papers, a few days ago, contained the awful announcement—'MONT BLANC HAS CLOSED.' Messrs. Brown, Jones, and Robinson, who at this season of the year are fond of scrambling up the sides of the mountain monarch (sometimes taking with them Mrs. and Miss Brown, Jones, and Robinson)—of peering with their Cockney noses down the crevasses, sporting their Cockney shooting-jackets and wide-awakes on the Grands Mulets, and sputtering their Cockney French on the Mer de Glace—these enterprising tourists must have been startled at first on seeing the notification, and must have feared that the monarch, offended at such free-and-easy company, had shut the doors of his court for ever against confederated Cockneydom. But no doubt they soon recollected that there are two Mont Blancs in the world—one in Switzerland, the other in Piccadilly—the latter of which is only on view through about half the year. For the last five years, indeed, MONT BLANC has been one of the established sights of London—as metropolitan as the BRITISH MUSEUM, and much

more visited. But the guide who conducts us to the summit—laughing, singing, and telling endless stories, all the way—is as subject to our mortal needs as the dullest of us; and, in plain language, Mr. ALBERT SMITH at this time of year finds it necessary to get a little rest, and to gather fresh strength and fresh ideas from a new route to the wonderful mountain. So, last Saturday evening, he went through his performance for the fourteen hundred and eighty-second time, and then dismissed his audience from further attendance in a speech which ran thus:—

"And now, Ladies and Gentlemen, as the monarch of mountains is unable to leave his throne of rocks at present, from the pressure of tourists and excursionists, I am compelled to prorogue his parliament, by deputy, myself; and I will, therefore, according to established form, read my speech, I hope 'in that clear and distinct voice' the reporters usually connect with that ceremony."

"My Lords, Ladies, and Gentlemen,—The period having arrived when you require some relaxation from the incessant labour and fatigue you must have undergone, during the past session, from hearing me tell the same long story, over and over again, I feel a few words are due from me to you, not only respecting the present, but the future."

"I continue to receive the most friendly assurances from foreign powers, on my passport, of 'permission to pass freely, and aid and protection in case of need,' of which I am about immediately to avail myself, as I hope, for your future amusement. His Majesty the King of the Belgians has by his consulate *risu* placed the travelling resources of his charming country at my disposal, in accordance with the treaty of fares laid down in the *Continental Bradshaw*. His Majesty the King of Prussia has thrown open the navigation of the Rhine to me, subject simply to an adherence to the tariff of prices between Cologne and Mayence, as issued by the Könische Gesellschaft Company; and our gallant ally, the King of Sardinia, has granted me permission to cross the Alps, between Switzerland and Piedmont, by any pass between the Col du Bonhomme and the Simplon practicable for troops—of tourists."

"The gambling-tables at Baden will occupy my extreme attention; and the still helpless and lamentable state of Brown, everywhere on the Continent, calls for the most earnest measures to alleviate those miseries which cloud his tour, and turn his holiday into a prolonged excursion of imaginary extortion, self-created irritation, disappointed anticipation, and misunderstood behaviour."

"Ladies and Gentlemen of the Area and Gallery,—I have directed supplies of fresh seats to be laid under you before we next meet. Considering that the absolute comfort of the public is the very first thing that ought to be attended to in any resort intended for, and supported by them, without the compulsion of an extra payment—that the miserable system of extorting every extractable sixpence from the audience, by the combined agencies of boxkeepers, box book-keepers, bill-sellers, and saloon-keepers (in whose toils our managers appear to be so hopelessly entangled), is a shame and a disgrace to our public places of amusement—considering this, I shall still endeavour to improve your condition and prospects; your condition, as far as your individual ease is concerned; your prospects, as may relate to a clear, comfortable view of everything that is going on. As heretofore, every reasonable complaint or suggestion will receive my best and readiest attention; and as heretofore, the price of admission will include every possible auxiliary to comfort and accommodation that the room or the attendants can offer."

"My Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen,—Having had the honour of telling you the same story in the same room fourteen hundred and eighty-two times up to this evening, I will not venture to refer to it, for you must know it almost as well as I do. But you must permit me to add, that I now release you from your flattering attention until the middle of November, when I return from the Continent. And, until that time, wishing you every possible enjoyment and happiness that you most desire yourselves, I bid you, very gratefully, good-by."

AUTUMN LEAVES.

LONDON is now, according to the fashionable census, 'quite empty; that is to say some few thousand persons having gone out of town, the remaining two million and upwards of 'mechanical, salt-butter rogues' must be politely regarded as a vacuum. Truth to tell, at this time of year, the said vacuum finds a great vacuity in the matter of amusement; but this year such has hardly been the case. Several theatres are still open—the late Autumn Leaves, surviving the gaudy summer. The PRINCESS's, as we have just seen, has reproduced *Pizarro*; at the HAYMARKET, Messrs. BUCKSTONE and Co. continue to discourse on *Second Love*, and the Spanish Dancers to expound the mysteries of Terpsichorean love; Mr. and Mrs. BARNEY WILLIAMS are still unctuous and volatile at the ADELPHI in their Irish and Yankee portraiture; ROBSON yet goes through his marvellous performance of *Medea* at the OLYMPIC; and at ASTLEY's you may see *Richard III.* on horseback, with "the death of the king's charger 'White Surrey,' and the fall of *Richard* on the battle-field," warranted to "produce a perfect *furor*," if you are fond of that excitement. As for the future, there is the LYCEUM about to open, under the management of Mr. DILLON; and the SOHO THEATRE is to inaugurate a season next Monday with the *Winter's Tale*.

Had the Londoner last week chosen to leave London and go to Bradford, he might have been present at the Musical Festival, where he would have heard the best of performers executing the best creations of the best composers; and the same may be said of another melodious festival held during the present week at Birmingham, where a magnificent new Music Hall was inaugurated in the midst of "pomp and threatening harmony."

But not to travel so far, we have had at the HAYMARKET this week a novelty in the shape of 'a young lady' without a name, who made her first appearance in the difficult part of *Rosalind* in *As You Like It*. We have not yet seen this fair mystery, and cannot therefore pretend to criticize her; but report speaks of some good points in her acting, together with some short-comings. She was very favourably received.

Then, for the present time, and for all time, there is the CRYSTAL PALACE, and there are the waterworks, of which another grand display took place last Saturday. "The sun looked out with a smile," and the water smiled back at him; and there, with the solid crystal of the Palace for a background, the ever-shifting columns and vapoury phantasmagoria of fluent silver rose and fell—a cloud, a smoke, a brilliance, an obscurity, a foam-world of sparkling vision, a shower of jewellery, brighter than the rainbow that mocked it, the common element of water, and yet the most glorious of mysteries. Assuredly, those novelties who fill the emptiness of London at this time of year have got something to look at that is worth the seeing, if they will go forth to the green slopes of Sydenham.

Commercial Affairs.

London, Friday Evening, September 5, 1856.

FINE weather, and excellent accounts from all parts of the country of the abundance of harvest, has not had corresponding effect upon the Funds. The monthly settling is now close at hand, and perhaps the closing of several Rail companies has been one of the causes that has depressed the market. But, above all, there is languor and inactivity in the Stock Exchange; half the members are away, and the amount of business transacted insignificantly small. Heavy shares are flat, the only line in which there has been a crumb of satisfaction being the North British. The accounts from Paris of the Money Market are not cheering. The last liquidation has gone off very lamely, and prices in shares and the Renten have not been maintained. The suspension of payments by the Royal British Bank has had a gloomy effect in the City. The bank in question has been suspected for some time, and the shares were greatly depreciated. If the whole truth of good and bad debts, liabilities and assets, of every Joint-Stock Bank could be known, and the question raised as to whether the best of them are in a position to pay their shareholders such large dividends, how many could stand the ordeal?

The price of all the Joint-Stock Banks has been affected by this stoppage. East Indian shares are still a favourite investment. Great Western of Canada has declined 12s. 6d. per share, owing to forced sales from the country, and the temporary dispute existing between the English and Canadian directors. Grand Trunk of Canada are firmer. Ottoman and Egyptian Banks are flatter.

Ceylon and Riga Railways stand at about 1½ premium; the other new lines show no improvement.

A demand for a few shares in good Cornish mines has been shown during the week. United Mines remain at 4½ per share.

Consols for Money, 94½; 95; for Account, 95½, 95½.

We are desirous of directing the attention of our readers to a Company which has just been formed for working one of those mines of wealth which have hitherto received but little attention, though whether considered as an investment for capital or as a means of cheapening and augmenting food, the particular branch of industry alluded to may well demand consideration. We refer to the British Steam Fisheries Company—another result of the Limited Liability Act. The capital is 100,000l., in 10,000 shares of 10l. each; and Mr. Roebuck, M.P., is the Chairman of the Board of Directors. The Company truly remark in their Prospectus that "our Fisheries remain in the same state in which they were two centuries ago," yet the employment of steam power would greatly increase and facilitate the means of gathering in the great harvest of the deep. This journal called attention in its leading columns, about a year ago, to the Irish Fisheries; but the British Fisheries are surely still more important.

Aberdeen, 164, 171; Eastern Counties, 9, 9½; Great Northern, 95½, 96½; Great Southern and Western (Ireland), 117, 119; Great Western, 64½, 65; Lancashire and Yorkshire, 97½, 97½; London and Blackwall, 6½, 7; London, Brighton, and South Coast, 105, 107; London and North-Western, 103½, 104; London and South Western, 100, 100½; Midland, 80½, 80½; North-Eastern (Berwick), 80, 81; North Eastern (Dover), 72½, 73½; Antwerp and Rotterdam, 7½, 7½; Dutch Rhine, 21, 21 p.m.; Eastern of France (Paris and Strasbourg), 36½, 37½; Great Central of France, 41, 41 p.m.; Great Luxembourg, 41, 41; Great Western of Canada, 24½, 24½; Namur and Liege, 91, 91; Northern of France, 40, 40½; Paris and Lyons, 53, 53½; Royal Danish, 101, 101½; Royal Swedish, 5, 11; Sambre and Meuse, 12½, 13.

CORN MARKET.

Mark-lano, Friday, September 5, 1856.

THE supplies of English and Foreign Wheat during the week have been limited, but in order to effect sales of the former a decline of 3s. to 4s. must be submitted to, and the quantity of the latter held here is too small to make holders anxious to press sales, yet prices have fallen 1s. to 2s. There have been very few arrivals of the coast since last Friday. Domestic Wheat is held at 47s. to 50s. Canadian wheat now shipping has been sold at 36s. cost, freight and insurance, while a cargo arrived has been sold at 35s., and one or two near at hand may be had at 35s. 6d. Oats are firm, and there is no change to report in either Barley, Beans, or Peas.

BRITISH FUNDS FOR THE PAST WEEK.

(CLOSING PRICES.)

	Sat.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thur.	Frid.
Bank Stock.....	219½	219½	219	219	220	220
3 per Cent. Red.....	95½	95½	95½	95½	95½	95½
3 per Cent. Con. An.	95	95	94½	94½	95	95
Consols for Account	95½	95½	95	94½	95	95
New 2½ per Cent. An.	96	96	95½	95½	95½	95½
Long Ans. 1850.....
India Stock.....	232	232
Ditto Bonds, £1000	15 p	15 p	15 p	15 p	15 p	15 p
Ditto, under £1000	15 p	15 p	15 p	15 p	15 p	15 p
Ex. Bills, £1000.....	15 p	15 p	15 p	15 p	15 p	15 p
Ditto, £500.....	15 p	15 p	15 p	15 p	15 p	15 p
Ditto, Small.....	15 p	15 p	15 p	15 p	15 p	15 p

FOREIGN FUNDS.

(LAST OFFICIAL QUOTATION DURING THE WEEK ENDING FRIDAY EVENING.)

Brazilian Bonds.....	103	Portuguese 4 per Cents.	50½
Buenos Ayres 6 p. Cents.....	Russian Bonds, 5 per
Chilian 3 per Cent.....	Consols.....	100
Dutch 2½ per Cent.....	62½	Russian 4½ per Cents.....	95½
Dutch 4 per Cent. Certif.	95½	Spanish.....	44½
Equador Bonds.....	Spanish Committee Cer.
Mexican Account.....	22½	of Coup. not fun.
Peruvian 4½ per Cents.....	81½	Turkish 6 per Cents.....	103½
Portuguese 3 per Cents.....	Turkish New, 4 ditto.....	103½
		Venezuela, 4½ per Cents.	...

THE HARVEST.—A favourable change having taken place in the weather, a large breadth of corn and other cereal crops has been got in; but the accounts from various parts of England show that the recent rains have had a deteriorating effect. Wheat and barley have, in many instances, begun to sprout; but the chilliness of the temperature has kept the evil in some check. There has also been some discoloration, and in several localities a degree of over-ripeness, owing to a scarcity of labour. For the same reason, labourers are commanding very high wages, there being less competition than usual from Irish reapers. As much as thirty shillings an acre has been asked for getting in the crops. Prices have again gone up. Notwithstanding the damage done by the rains (which has probably been exaggerated by the farmers), it is believed there will be an average yield; and the moisture has brought the root crops forward admirably.

HEALTH OF LONDON.—The present return shows a continued improvement in the public health. In the three previous weeks, the deaths registered in London were 1232, 1250, and 1122; last week, they were 1081. The present rate of mortality is very near the average rate of corresponding weeks in ten previous years, if the excess of deaths produced by epidemic cholera in 1849 and 1854 is not admitted into the comparison. The deaths caused by diarrhoea, which in three preceding weeks were 211, 258, and 214, declined last week to 190. This disease was fatal last week to 141 children who were less than a year old. The cases referred to cholera, and which previously numbered more than 20, were last week only 11, and 8 of these occurred to children. With regard to other diseases in the epidemic class, the return exhibits satisfactory results; the numbers are either less than or do not exceed the ordinary amount. There were no less than 8 fatal cases of carbuncle. Fourteen children are registered as having died from want of breast-milk or inanition, 42 from atrophy, 36 from debility, and 81 from convulsions. Mr. Wilson, a registrar in Marylebone, makes some observations on this waste of infant life, which his experience leads him to attribute, to a considerable extent, to the practice which prevails among domestic servants and others of putting out their children to nurse. Three women died last week at the respective ages of 90, 96, and 98 years. Last week, the births of 909 boys and 869 girls—in all 1778 children—were registered in London. In the ten corresponding weeks of the years 1846-55, the average number was 1431.—From the Registrar-General's Weekly Return.

A FATAL PRACTICAL JOKE.—Mr. James Cooper, and Messrs. Edmund and Alfred Hoof, gentlemen of Brentwood, lately hired a stable of a baker named John George, to keep their stud of horses in. They determined to celebrate the bargain by a 'jollification,' and accordingly sent for several bottles of port, and made the baker excessively drunk. Rumour asserts that the wine was drugged; but, be this as it may, George became insensible, and the 'gentlemen' smeared his face and parts of his body with red ochre, made a red mark round his neck, to give the appearance of the throat being cut, placed him in a barrow with his head hanging down, and wheeled him home. The result was that he died. An inquest has been opened, but is adjourned for a post-mortem examination, in order that it may be discovered whether anything deleterious was given to the man. Mr. Cooper made his appearance, and was held to bail; but the Messrs. Hoof are not forthcoming.

REVEREND DISPUTANTS.—A correspondence between the Rev. Hugh McNeile and the Rev. W. J. Conybeare appears in the Times of Wednesday. It has reference to a statement published in the Edinburgh Review, as long ago as three years, in the course of an article written by Mr. Conybeare, to the effect that Dr. McNeile belongs to "the extreme section of the Evangelical party," and that he, in common with his followers, preaches "the worthlessness of morality." This, Dr. McNeile indignantly denies, and states that he demanded, at the time the article was published, that the statements should be proved or retracted; but no answer was returned. To his second application to the same effect, Mr. Conybeare replies (without alluding to the charge of disregarding morality) that he cannot retract what he said about Dr. McNeile leading the extreme section of the Evangelical party, "as it is unquestionably true."

A STRANGE RUMOUR.—We are officially authorized to declare (says the Times, in its largest type) that a report which has been circulated by some of the daily journals of this and other countries, to the effect that the Portuguese Government had applied to the British Government for a squadron on the occasion of the recent bread riots at Lisbon, is totally destitute of foundation.

MANCHESTER MECHANICS' EXHIBITION.—The opening of this exhibition, on the 9th instant, is to take place with less ceremony than was intended. In addition to the excuse of Lord Palmerston, who is prevented from attending by the death of his brother, the committee of management have also received letters from other distinguished gentlemen on whose assistance they had calculated, and have therefore given up their intention of holding an evening meeting at the Theatre Royal. Mr. Oliver Heywood, the President of the Mechanics' Institution, will deliver an address in the morning, and it is expected that a considerable number of the season ticket holders will be present.

THE BOILER EXPLOSION NEAR BURY.—The inquest on the nine persons killed by the recent boiler explosion at the bleach and dye works of Messrs. Warburton and Holker, near Bury, was brought to a close on Friday week. The jury, after a consultation of three-quarters of an hour, found that the boiler was very defective, and working at a much higher pressure of steam than it was calculated to bear; that the plates of the boiler had been corroded by the dampness of the brickwork, and reduced to one-third of their original thickness; and that the owners had not exercised sufficient caution. They recommended a Government inspection. The coroner told them that this amounted to a verdict of Accidental death; and a verdict to that effect was accordingly entered in the inquisition.

FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE.

Tuesday, September 2.

BANKRUPTCY ANNULLED.—JOHN BROADHURST, Stoke-upon-Trent, earthenware manufacturer.

BANKRUPTS.—WILLIAM BAINBRIDGE and JOSEPH JAMES DALE, otherwise JOSEPH JAMES DELE, otherwise JOSEPH JAMES DELL, Southwark-bridge-road, shoe manufacturers—JANE ELIZA NORTON and GEORGE ZACARIAH WHITE, Harrow-road, stone merchant—JOHN ROSS, Brunswick-terrace, Commercial-road, East, shipowner—JOHN CARPENTER, Hythe, Hants, grocer—GEORGE HEXTON, Chapel-place, South Audley-street, Grosvenor-square, licensed victualler—JOHN CORRETT, Birmingham, licensed victualler—EDMUND ROBERTS, Derby, jeweller—ALLEN SEARELL, Furnley-mill, near Ashburton, miller—BENJAMIN GREENING, Manchester, manufacturer of wire fencing—JAMES TAYLOR, Tottington-lower-end, Lancashire, cotton-spinner.

SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.—R. THOMSON, Glasgow, writer—G. DOUGLAS, Airdrie, watchmaker—J. MITCHELL, Glasgow, carrier—T. EWING, Falkirk, nurseryman.

Friday, September 5.

BANKRUPTCIES ANNULLED.—LAVIAN BENSON PEARSE, brick, tile, lime, and cement merchant, York-road, King's-cross, Middlesex—THEODORE DIEDERICH WILHELM CHRISTIAN SEYD, private hotel keeper, 39, Finsbury-square, and 15, Wilson-street.

BANKRUPTS.—JOSEPH MILLER, publican, Bevois-street, Southampton—SAMUEL DAVIS, grocer, Bristol—EDWARD WM. PERRY, merchant, Fenchurch-buildings—GODFREY GREGORY PIFE, grocer, Birmingham—HENRY JAMES BROWN, chemist, Queen's-buildings, Knightsbridge—DONALD McLARTY, doctor—M'KEAY, and ROBERT LAMONT, merchants, Liverpool—WILLIAM BRITTAIN JONES, grocer, Birmingham—SAMUEL SMITH, machine maker, Northampton—WILLIAM SMITH, banker, Watford, Hertfordshire—JAMES ADAMS, millwright, Crown Wharf, Shad Thames—JAMES THOMAS, grocer, Ebbw Vale, Monmouthshire—PETER SCATTERGOOD, machine maker, Stapleford—NATHANIEL ELLIOTT, cigar dealer, Manchester.

SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.—JAMES STEEL and SONS, engineers and iron founders, Dundee—HALL and ROSSON, sewed maulin warehousemen, Glasgow—Messrs. JAMES and THOMAS M'KEAND, oil merchants, Glasgow.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

DUNSAUNY.—On the 10th ult., at the seat of her father, Lord Sherborne, in Gloucestershire, the Lady Dunsany: a son.
MOORE.—On the 29th ult., at Frittenden, the Lady Harriet Moore: a daughter.
RUMBALL.—On the 16th ult., at Lisbon, the wife of Thomas Rumball, Esq., C.E.: a daughter.
TURNOR.—On the 29th ult., at Stoke Rochford, the Lady Caroline Turner: a daughter.
WHITTY.—On the 4th inst., Mrs. E. M. Whitty, under the influence of chloroform: a son.

MARRIAGES.

DUNIAGOU—FLEETWOOD.—On the 22nd of July, from Hill House, Windsor Forest, the seat of Sir Hesketh Fleetwood, Bart. (godfather of the bride), according to the Roman Catholic and Protestant rites, Monsieur Antoine Laurent Amel Duniagou, of Calais, to Emma Fleetwood, third surviving daughter of H. C. Moreton-Dyer, Esq.
HOPKINS—BAINBRIDGE.—On the 27th ult., at Titchfield Church, Captain Francis Powell Hopkins, 15th Regiment of Foot, only son of William Hopkins, Esq., M.A., St. Peter's College, Cambridge, to Rachel Elizabeth, third daughter of Lieut.-Gen. Bainbridge, C.B.
LIDDELL—WARRINGTON.—On the 26th ult., at St. Saviour's Church, Jersey, Captain the Hon. Hedworth Liddell, 41st Regiment, second son of the Right Hon. Lord Ravensworth, to Florence, second daughter of William Henry Warrington, Esq., eldest son of the late Colonel Hammer Warrington, H.M.'s Consul-General at Tripoli.
OLLIER—DENKIN.—On the 30th ult., at St. Mary's, West Brompton, Mr. Charles Ollier, jun., to Ellen Mary, only child of the late Thomas Denkin, Esq.

DEATHS.

A'BECKETT.—On the 24th ult., at Boulogne-sur-Mer, age, 9 years and 3 months, Walter Horace Calander A'Beckett, of malignant sore throat; also, at the same place, on the 30th ult., aged 45, Gilbert Abbot A'Beckett, Esq., of London, father of the above, of congestion of the brain, greatly augmented by anxiety consequent upon the illness of his son.
ASKEY.—On the 28th ult., drowned by the upsetting of his boat, whilst on duty in Studland Bay, Sydney Yorke Askey, of the Coast Guard Service, Esq., son of the late Sir Askey, of the 22nd ult., accidentally drowned by the swamping of a boat in Plymouth Sound, James Jamieson Cordes, jun., Esq., of Caius College, Cambridge, the youngest son of James Jamieson Cordes, Esq., of the Woodlands, in the county of Monmouth, aged 21.
ROSS.—On the 30th ult., at Gillingham-street, Pimlico, Rear-Admiral Sir John Ross, C.B., to the deep regret of his relations and friends, in the 73rd year of his age.
SCHIMMELPENINCK.—On the 29th ult., at her residence, 3, Harley-place, Clifton, in the 78th year of her age, Mary Ann Schimmelpeninck.
WESTMACOTT.—On the 1st inst., at his residence, South Audley-street, Sir Richard Westmacott, R.A., in the 82nd year of his age.

LAST FIVE NIGHTS OF THE SEASON.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

Lessee and Manager, Mr. ALFRED WIGAN.
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, will be performed the Petite Comedy of **THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER**, in which Messrs. F. Robson, G. Murray, G. Vining, Danvers; Miss Castleton, Miss Marston, and Miss F. Terman will appear.

After which, the New Ristori-ol. Mythological, Polyglottal Tragedy, entitled **MEDEA**, Mr. F. Robson.

To conclude with the Paro of **THE WELSH GIRL**.
Saturday (an extra night), for the Benefit of Mr. W. S. EMDEN, Acting Manager, **STAY AT HOME, MEDEA**, "The Country Fair" by Mr. F. Robson, and A CONJUGAL LESSON.

DR. KAHN'S ANATOMICAL MUSEUM.

4, Coventry-street, Leicester-square. Open (for gentlemen only) from Ten till Ten, containing upwards of one thousand models and preparations, illustrating every part of the human frame in health and disease, the race of men &c. Lectures delivered at Twelve, Two, and at Half-past Seven, by Dr. G. Sexton, F.R.S.G., and a new and highly-interesting Series of Lectures is now in course of delivery by Dr. Kahn, at Four P.M. precisely.—Admission 1s.

THE COMMISSION TEA COMPANY.

No. 33, KING WILLIAM STREET, near LONDON BRIDGE.
Established 1823.

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RESIDENT PROPRIETOR.—Mr. John Vose Moore.

The Company are one of the oldest firms in the City of London, and have for nearly thirty-three years been distinguished by the excellence, cheapness, and purity of their Teas and Coffees.

They supply families properly introduced to them, or who can give them any respectable reference, upon the best trade terms, in parcels of any size exceeding 1lb. weight. Teas, when desired, are packed in 10lb., 14lb., and 20lb. canisters, without extra charge; and 3s. value (including Coffee) forwarded carriage paid.

Good to Strong Congou Tea.....2s. 3d. to 3s. 6d. per lb.
Fine to very fine Pekoe Souchong.....3s. 6d. to 3s. 8d. "
Very Choice Souchong.....4s. 0d. "
Good Ceylon Coffee.....1s. 0d. "
Fine Costa Rica.....1s. 2d. "
The finest Mocha, old and very choice.....1s. 6d. "

For the convenience of their customers, the Company supply Sugars and Colonial Produce at a small per-centage on import prices.
Monthly Price Circular free.

THE COMMISSION TEA COMPANY,
35, King William-street, near London-bridge.

NATURE'S TRUE REMEDY.**DR. TOWNSEND'S SARSAPARILLA.**

There are three principal avenues by which Nature expels from the body what is necessary should be expelled therefrom. These three are the Skin, the Urine, and the Bowels. These must be kept in a healthy condition, or disease is certain. This is a fixed and positive law; and no human being can safely disregard it.

Now, when the system is diseased, it is the first grand object to set all these functions at work, both to expel Disease, and to restore the Health.

The bowels must be opened, cleansed, soothed, and strengthened; the urine must be made to flow healthfully and naturally; and to throw off the impurities of the blood; the liver and stomach must be regulated; and above all the pores must be opened, and the skin made healthy. These things done, and Nature will go to her work; and ruddy health will sit smiling upon the cheek; and life will be again a luxury.

We will suppose the case of a person afflicted with a bilious complaint. His head aches, his appetite is poor, his bowels and back ache, he is weak and nervous, his complexion is yellow, the skin dry, and his tongue furred. He goes to a doctor for relief, and is given a dose of medicine to purge him freely, and he gets some temporary relief. But he is not cured! In a few days the same symptoms return, and the same old purge is administered; and so on, until the poor man becomes a martyr to heavy, drastic purgatives. Now, what would be the true practice in such a case? What the practice that Nature herself points out? Why, to set in HEALTHY OPERATION ALL THE MEANS THAT NATURE POSSESSES TO THROW OUT OF THE SYSTEM THE CAUSES OF DISEASE. The bowels must of course be evacuated, but the work is but begun AT THIS STAGE OF THE BUSINESS. The kidneys must be prompted to do their work, for they have a most important work to do; the stomach must be cleansed; and, above all, the PORES must be relieved and enabled to throw off the secretions which ought to pass off through them. We repeat that by the Bowels, the Urine, the Pores, the disease must be expelled from the system, and not by the bowels alone, as is the usual practice.

And to effect all this, resort must be had to a remedy that is congenial to the human system—a remedy that strengthens while it subdues disease. Such is the remedy found in **OLD DR. JACOB TOWNSEND'S AMERICAN SARSAPARILLA AND PILLS.**—WAREHOUSE, 373, STRAND, LONDON.

Half-pints, 2s. 6d.; Pints, 4s.; Small Quarts, 4s. 6d.; Quarts, 7s. 6d.

RUPTURES.—BY ROYAL LETTERS PATENT.

WHITE'S MOC-MAIN LEVER TRUSS is allowed by upwards of 200 Medical Gentlemen to be the most effective invention in the curative treatment of Hernia. The use of a steel spring (so often hurtful in its effects) is here avoided, a soft Bandage being worn round the body, while the requisite resisting power is supplied by the Moc-Main Pad and Patent Lever, sitting with so much ease and closeness that it cannot be detected, and may be worn during sleep.

A descriptive circular may be had, and the Truss (which cannot fail to fit) forwarded by post, on the circumference of the body, two inches below the hips, being sent to the Manufacturer.

Mr. JOHN WHITE, 223, Piccadilly, London.

ELASTIC STOCKINGS, KNEE-CAPS, &c.,
for VARICOSE VEINS, and all cases of WEAKNESS and SWELLING of the LEGS, SPRAINS, &c. They are porous, light in texture, and inexpensive, and are drawn on like an ordinary stocking. Price from 7s. 6d. to 10s. Postage, 6d.

Manufacture, 223, Piccadilly, London.

BEDSTEADS, BEDDING, and FURNITURE.

WILLIAM S. BURTON'S Stock on show of Iron and Brass Bedsteads and Children's Cots, stands unrivalled either for extent, beauty of design, or moderateness of prices. He also supplies Bedding and Bed-hangings of guaranteed quality and workmanship.

Common Iron Bedsteads, from 16s.; Portable Folding Bedsteads, from 12s. 6d.; Patent Iron Bedsteads, fitted with dovetail joints and patent sacking, from 17s.; and Cots, from 20s. each. Handsome ornamental Iron and Brass Bedsteads, in great variety, from 37s. 6d. to 157. 15s.

A Half-Tester Patent Iron Bedstead, three feet wide, with Bedding, &c., complete:

Bedstead	£1 4 6
Chairs furniture	0 17 0
Pillows, wool mattress, bolster, and pillow	1 13 0
A pair of cotton sheets, three blankets, and a coloured counterpane	1 5 0
	£4 19 6

A double bedstead, same.....£6 15 9

If without Half-Tester and Furniture:

Single bed, complete	£3 13 9
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	£	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
20	1000	29 17 6	6 11 6	14 6 0
30	1000	25 13 4	8 1 8	17 11 8
40	1000	33 18 4	10 13 8	23 4 8
50	1000	48 16 8	15 7 8	33 9 0
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The British Fisheries, if conducted on a proper system, and on a scale of sufficient magnitude, are capable of yielding an abundant supply of wholesome food. There is no branch of our National Industry to which Steam Power can be more advantageously and profitably applied. Fishing Banks as yet unborn, and our Fisheries remain in the same state in which they were two centuries ago. Our increasing population requires that every means that art and science can devise should be adopted, in order to procure the necessities of life as abundantly and cheaply as possible; but, though it is well known that the Seas which surround the British Isles, teem with abundance of Fish, yet the supply of this article of food is always uncertain, and its price, generally high, is often exorbitant.

Hitherto our Fisheries have been prosecuted only by the Coast Fishermen in Sailing Vessels at particular seasons; and the principal part of the Fish caught has been cured for export, or sent to London, where the demand may be said to be almost unlimited.

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